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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*The Life and Correspondence of Henry Salt, Esq. F.R.S.* By J. J. Halls, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

HAVING received only a portion of this work, we defer pronouncing any opinion upon its merits, the more especially as the biographer in a great part of the first volume could do little more than abridge narratives previously published by Mr. Salt himself. The particulars of Mr. Salt's early life are few, and devoid of interest; he was designed by his parents for the profession of portrait painting, and they made the blunder of placing him under an artist who painted only landscapes. This disadvantage he was never able to surmount, and he therefore availed himself of an introduction to Lord Valentia, now Earl of Mountnorris, to offer his services as secretary and draughtsman to that nobleman, during his travels in the East. Projects of extensive tours were rarely formed in the beginning of the present century, and hence Lord Valentia's plans for exploring the eastern countries of Africa engrossed a considerable share of the public attention. Such a connexion was, consequently, desirable for a man of ordinary spirit and talents; but to one who, like Salt, possessed an uncommon share of both, it was the most fortunate event that could have happened. Salt visited India with his Lordship, and accompanied him in a voyage to the Red Sea. The design of the travellers was to open a communication with Abyssinia, through the territories of the Ras of Tigré. It seems that the first voyage was frustrated by the obstinacy of the captain of the *Antelope*, who had been placed under Lord Valentia's orders by the government of Bombay. A second time the travellers proceeded to the Abyssinian coast. Leaving Lord Valentia at Mocha, Mr. Salt crossed the sea to Massowah, on a mission to the Ras of Tigré, and encountered numberless difficulties before he was permitted to commence his journey into the interior. Unpromising as was this commencement, it scarcely prepared Mr. Salt for what followed: his guards were robbers, anxious to pick a quarrel that they might have a pretext for plunder; the chiefs in the neighbourhood marked him as their prey, and even those who were contented with a trifling tribute, were ready to take fire at an imaginary slight, and give full scope to their wild passions. The following incident shows the dangers to which travellers are exposed in a savage country, even when every precaution has been taken to avoid giving offence:—

"The road, which had gradually risen from Arkeeko, now began to ascend rapidly as they approached Assubá. Here they purchased a cow, to serve as provision for their followers in the ascent of Taranta, and in a short time reached the foot of that mountain. The ground now becoming too rugged for the camels, it became necessary to seek some other mode of

conveying the baggage to Dixan: an attempt to procure bullocks from the Hazorta tribes for this purpose, was unsuccessful; but a bargain was at length made with some men and boys to carry the baggage on their shoulders. While this affair was arranging, a chief of consequence among the Hazorta had demanded some tobacco and coffee, for allowing the party to pass the mountain, which request not being mentioned directly to Mr. Salt, the chief fancied himself slighted, and rising in a violent passion, seized his arms, and rushed down the hill, followed by his attendants. Mr. Salt being informed of the matter, sent after him, explained the circumstance, and gave him the trifling articles he required. This put him again in good humour, and in the evening the Hazorta all returned, bringing with them an old man, who, raising his garment on a spear, requested silence, and made the following harangue:—

"Be it known to all, that these people who are passing are great men, friends of the Nayib of Massowah, friends of the Sultaun of Habesh, friends of the Ras Welled Selassé, and friends of Baharnegash Yasous. We have received and eaten of their meat, drank of their coffee, and partaken of their tobacco, and are therefore their friends: let no man dare molest them."

Through the influence of the Ras, to whom Mr. Salt appears to have been a welcome visitor, permission was obtained for a visit to the ruins of Axum, and the account which our traveller gave of this celebrated place laid the foundation of a controversy to which we unfortunately shall have too many occasions to refer:—

"His drawing and description of the church at Axum gives a much higher idea of its consequence, for an Abyssinian structure, than we should be led to expect from Mr. Bruce's account of it. His view also of the celebrated obelisk differs so materially in appearance from the one given by the former gentleman, that it is difficult to imagine them representations of the same object. Great discrepancies are likewise observable in the respective accounts given of Axum by the two travellers: but, as it is probable that before long the authenticity of one of them will be fully established, it can answer no good purpose in this place to enter into a discussion which has already, in some quarters, called forth no very creditable specimens of literary cavilling."

After an absence of four years and upwards, Mr. Salt returned to England, and so pleased were the government with his report, that he was employed to re-visit Abyssinia in a public capacity. He encountered many difficulties in accomplishing his object of a visit to the Ras, but his further design, of penetrating to the Abyssinian capital, was found to be impracticable. The presents were, however, entrusted to the Ras of Tigré, and a letter obtained from the Abyssinian monarch addressed to George III. On his return to the coast, Mr. Salt fell in with some hippopotami; we extract the account he gives of these extraordinary animals:—

"After the party had proceeded a short distance, several of these animals were observed, when Mr. Salt and his companions took off part of their clothes and crossed the river with their

guns, in order to get a more secure and convenient place to attack them than the eastern bank afforded. The stream at this time was about fifty yards across, and the ford nearly three feet deep. The current ran moderately, though both sides of its bed bore evident marks of the tremendous torrents which pour down in the rainy season. Having found a place adapted to their purpose, they stationed themselves on a high overhanging rock, commanding the depth below, and soon saw one of the animals rise to the surface, at about twenty yards distance, lifting its enormous head out of the water and snorting violently. At this instant three of the party discharged their guns, the contents of which appeared to strike its forehead, when it turned its head round, made a plunge, and sank down to the bottom, uttering a noise between a grunt and a roar.

"At first they supposed they had either killed or seriously wounded the creature, but they soon found that a hippopotamus is not so easily dispatched, as in a short time it rose again, with some caution, close to the spot where it had before appeared. They again discharged their pieces, but with as little effect as at the first shot, and though some of the party continued firing at each hippopotamus as fast as it came to the surface, it seems doubtful whether the least impression was made upon any one of the number. This could only be attributable to leaden balls having been used, which were too soft to enter the impenetrable skulls of these creatures, the marksmen repeatedly observing the balls strike against the heads of the animals. Towards the afternoon, however, they began to grow more wary, merely thrusting their nostrils above the stream, breathing hard, and spouting up the water. They seemed to be unable to remain more than six minutes under the river without rising for the purpose of respiration, and it was curious to view the ease with which they quietly dropped to the bottom, for, the river being very clear, they could be distinctly seen as low as twenty feet beneath the surface. The size of these animals did not appear to exceed sixteen feet in length, and their colour was a dusky brown, like that of the elephant."

After his return to Europe, Mr. Salt was commanded by the Marquis Wellesley to recommend some person competent to translate the Ethiopic letter of the Abyssinian king; he nominated the Rev. Mr. Murray, the editor of Bruce's Travels, and from this circumstance a correspondence arose between Messrs. Murray and Salt, which must for ever decide what has been called the Bruce controversy.

Most of our readers will remember the clamour raised by Bruce's friends on the appearance of Lord Valentia's Travels, when it was found that his Lordship, in terms more uncourteous than was necessary or desirable, had charged Bruce with intentional falsehood. Many Scotchmen seemed resolved to make it a national quarrel, and the press teemed with sneers at Lord Valentia, and depreciating attacks on Salt. More recently, Major Head, in the Life of Bruce, written for the 'Family Library,' and Mr. A. St. John, in his 'Biographies of celebrated Travellers,' have thrown down the gauntlet in behalf of

Bruce, and treated Salt with an affected contempt which was rather unbecoming. Bruce's editor must, on all hands, be admitted as a competent witness, and it will be seen in the first instance that he objects not so much to the matter as the manner of Lord Valentia's charges:—

"As an editor of Bruce, I have paid great attention to the charges made against him in the *Travels* by your friend the Viscount. Before I proceed farther, I may hint that Lord Valentia has rather displayed a kind of ostentatious and triumphant pride in conquering Bruce, which resembles that species of glory which the Abyssinian soldiers show when they brandish their spears over the head of the Ras, and throw down the trophies taken from the enemy. Now this is not good. It makes ignorant people think that Bruce had no merit. It hurts Lord Valentia in the minds of thinking people, who smile at his victory over Bruce, whom he treats as a foe ever to be distrusted; inhuman, false, and worthy of all punishment. \* \* \* I look with much more pleasure to your own mode of confuting Mr. Bruce. You put down hard facts and proclaim no victory."

Malcolm Laing, who had quite a passion for the unpatriotic task of overthrowing national idols, intended at one time to demolish Bruce as he had demolished Macpherson; Mr. Murray does not state the reasons that induced him to abandon the intention, but it is manifest from the letters before us that Mr. Murray hesitated about permitting the MSS. entrusted to him as editor, to be used for the confutation of the Scottish traveller. Mr. Murray's own account of Bruce's works, though very cautiously worded, decides the question with respect to their authority:—

"The writer in the *Monthly Magazine*, December 1807, quoted by Viscount Valentia, vol. iii. p. 283, is Malcolm Laing, Esq. M.P. for Orkney, the well-known author of the *History of Scotland*, a gentleman of the first abilities as a philosopher and historian. While I was editing Bruce in 1804-5, and he was engaged in publishing his detection of Macpherson, in the business of Ossian, we had several conversations on the general and particular merits of Bruce's *Travels*. He saw several inconsistencies in them which required explanation. I mentioned to him that Bruce certainly was not infallible in many respects; that though his book was valuable and curious, he had made it up very carelessly, and above all had indulged in a vein of romance, on some occasions, which debased the intrinsic merits of his performance. That, as I was appointed by his family and my friends to examine his papers, it could not be expected that I should write a commentary of the most disagreeable kind on the work; that, however, I did not judge it to be for the interests of truth and science to conceal absolutely the defects of a celebrated book. As I had perused the *Journals* with attention, I saw a variety of things stated in the book with too little regard to fact."

"I privately mentioned the principal of these to Mr. Laing, and I believe he once thought of reviewing Bruce; an intention which he afterwards abandoned, but sent his remarks without his name to the magazine. I might add to these remarks, if it were consistent with that delicacy which I owe to the feelings of Mr. Bruce's friends, I mean his relations, some of whom would think it mean in me to expose, however justly, his memory, which I certainly respect. I have that opinion of your candour to believe that a refutation of Bruce's narrative, in any part whatever, would not lead you to parade your own discoveries, so much as it would

prompt you to enlarge, by native industry and adventure, the bounds of true knowledge. You have already extended them."

It is scarcely necessary to add any confirmation to this simple statement, but, as specific charges are always stronger than general ones, we quote Mr. Murray's excuse for not correcting the errors in Bruce's account of the Portuguese embassy:—

"The cause was, that I was weary of tracing errors in a second-hand narrative, drawn from sources that might be consulted by themselves. Above all, the perpetual tenor of correction, which Mr. Bruce's theories and narratives seemed to require, appeared to me to be a task of too great extent for the foot of a page, and more likely to prejudice than instruct the reader. In the edition that is now going forward, which is almost a reprint, I have given from the journals a view of his *real* travels in Egypt and Abyssinia. This is sufficiently adventurous in any editor. The voyage to the Emerald Isle, to the N.E. of the Red Sea, and that to Babel-mandeb, do not appear in these journals, and the dates are quite contrary to their existence."

With this decisive testimony Mr. Halls should have rested content, and not imitated conduct which he justly censures. His note on Major Head and Mr. St. John, is offensive to good taste, and, besides, weakens rather than strengthens his argument. These gentlemen were perhaps blinded by the unquestionable merits of Bruce, and felt a natural partiality for a traveller with whose enterprising spirit they had much in common; and they certainly could not have known the facts now revealed for the first time by the publication of this correspondence.

Bruce brought home some MSS. of the *Ethiopic Scriptures*, a loan of which was requested by the Bible Society, when that body meditated the publication of an edition of the Bible for the use of the Abyssinian church. We are unwilling to make any observations on this subject, because they may give pain; we shall only say that in this, as in many other instances, the possessors of these manuscripts lost the best opportunity of selling them with advantage, for had they been lent to the Bible Society, their existence would have been made known to the learned of Europe, and the chances of their sale consequently increased.

*National Lyrics, and Songs for Music.* By Felicia Hemans. Dublin: Curry, jun. & Co.; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

THOUGH there are few subjects more tempting than a book of songs, whereon to expatiate—some of them, too, written for music—the present is one of the cases wherein we must put a bridle upon our inclinations. We have so lately expressed our opinion of Mrs. Hemans, that to speak of her talents here would seem like the empty repetition of compliment; and, as regards the union of poetry with music generally, we feel that we have so much to say, that we must postpone the matter altogether, to a time when we have no book before us which has so good a right to speak (or sing) for itself, as this collection of lyrics. We have not forgotten the delight with which we ran through Barry Cornwall's '*English Songs*'—so fresh—so fanciful—so manly—and yet so musical: this graceful book is as essentially womanly, as his was of the stronger sex—full of ten-

derness, full of delicate imagery, and a sweetness, which, while it "enchants the ear," never cloy it—with, ever and anon, an outbreak of that picturesque chivalrous spirit, which, alas for the world! hath nearly departed from it.

The greater part of these poems have already appeared in print, and we shall select for extract, those with which we think our readers will be least familiar. The first we give, is not adapted for music—but we know not where we should find anything much more perfect of its kind, than the picture contained in the second and third stanzas:—

*And I too in Arcadia.*

A celebrated picture of Poussin represents a band of shepherd youths and maidens suddenly checked in their wanderings, affected with various emotions by the sight of a tomb which bears this inscription, "*Et in Arcadia ego.*"

They have wandered in their glee  
With the butterfly and bee;  
They have climb'd o'er heathery swells,  
They have wound thro' forest dells;  
Mountain moss hath felt their tread,  
Woodland streams their way have led;  
Flowers, in deepest shadowy nooks,  
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,  
Unto them have yielded up  
Fragrant bell and starry cup;  
Chaplets are on every brow—  
—What hath stay'd the wanderer now?  
Lo! a grey and rustic tomb,  
Bowered amidst the rich wood-gloom;  
Whence these words their stricken spirits melt,  
—"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

There is many a summer sound  
That pale sepulchre around;  
Thro' the shade young birds are glancing,  
Insect-wings in sun streaks dancing;  
Glimpses of blue festal skies  
Pouring in when soft winds rise;  
Violets o'er the turf below  
Shedding out their warmest glow;  
Yet a spirit not its own  
O'er the greenwood now is thrown!  
Something of an under-note  
Thro' its music seems to float,  
Something of a stillness grey  
Creeps across the laughing day:  
Something, dimly from those old words felt,  
—"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

Was some gentle kindred maid  
In that grave with dirges laid?  
Some fair creature, with the tone  
Of whose voice a joy is gone,  
Leaving melody and mirth  
Poorer on this alter'd earth?  
Is it thus? that so they stand,  
Dropping flowers from every hand?  
Flowers, and lyres, and gathered store  
Of red wild-fruit prized no more?  
—No! from that bright band of morn,  
Not one link hath yet been torn;  
'Tis the shadow of the tomb  
Falling o'er the summer bloom,  
O'er the flush of love and life  
Passing with a sudden strife;  
'Tis the low prophetic breath  
Murmuring from that house of death,  
Whose faint whisper thus their hearts can melt,  
—"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

Another, '*The Summer's Call*' is no less beautiful—we can only make room for some of the verses:—

Come away! the sunny hours  
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!  
O'er the very waters now,  
In their play,  
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—  
Come away!  
Where the lily's tender gleam  
Quivers on the glancing stream—  
Come away!

All the air is filled with sound,  
Soft, and sultry, and profound;  
Murmurs through the shadowy grass  
Lightly stray;  
Faint winds whisper as they pass—  
Come away!  
Where the bee's deep music swells  
From the trembling box-glove bells—  
Come away!

Now each tree by summer crowned,  
Sheds its own in twilight round;  
Glancing there from sun to shade,  
Bright wings play;

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There the deer its couch hath made—  
Come away!  
Where the smooth leaves of the lime  
Glisten in their honey-time—  
Come away—away!

The next—"Good Night,"—we believe is now printed for the first time. We have an especial kindness for it, as we know and love the melody (one of Eisenhofer's) for which it was written:—

Day is past!  
Stars have set their watch at last,  
Founts that thro' the deep woods flow  
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,  
Flowers have shut with fading light—  
Good night!

Go to rest!  
Sleep it dove-like on thy breast!  
If within that secret cell  
One dark form of memory dwell,  
Be it mantled from thy sight—  
Good night!

Joy be thine!  
Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine!  
Go, and in the spirit-land  
Meet thy home's long parted band,  
Be their eyes all love and light—  
Good night!

Peace to all!  
Dreams of heaven on mourners fall!  
Exile! o'er thy couch may gleams  
Pass from thine own mountain streams;  
Bard! away to worlds more bright—  
Good night!

Two more we must give, and with them conclude our notice—the first is a true "Song of the Affections," the second no less excellent in another manner:—

*If thou hast crushed a Flower.*

If thou hast crushed a flower,  
The root may not be blighted;  
If thou hast quenched a lamp,  
Once more it may be lighted:  
But on thy harp or on thy lute,  
The string which thou hast broken,  
Shall never in sweet sound again  
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,  
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,  
Still, still he may be won  
From the skies to warble near thee:  
But if upon the troubled sea  
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,  
Hope not that wind or wave will bring  
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,  
The summer's breath is healing,  
And its clusters yet may glow,  
Through the leaves their bloom revealing:  
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown  
With a bright draught filled—oh! never  
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth  
To cool thy parched lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,  
If thou waste the love it bore thee:  
And like that jewel gone,  
Which the deep will not restore thee;  
And like that strain of harp or lute  
Whence the sweet sound is scattered:—  
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,  
So soon for ever shattered!

*By a Mountain Stream at Rest.*

By a mountain stream at rest,  
We found the warrior lying,  
And around his noble breast  
A banner, cleav'd in dying;  
Dark and still  
Was every hill,  
And the winds of night were sighing.  
Last of his noble race,  
To a lonely bed we bore him;  
'Twas a green, still, sol-mn place  
Where the mountain heath waves o'er him.  
Woods alone  
Seem to moan,  
Wild streams to deplore him.  
Yet, from festive hall and lay  
Our sad thoughts oft are flying,  
To those dark hills far away,  
Where in death we found him lying;  
On his breast  
A banner press'd,  
And the night-wind o'er him sighing.

*A Discourse on the Studies of the University.*

By Adam Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S. &c.,  
Woodwardian Professor, and Fellow of  
Trin. Col. Cambridge. Cambridge: Deigh-  
ton; London, Parker.

DAYS there were when it was considered an argument against the utility of learning to a clergyman, to say, that God had no need of man's knowledge for the working out his wondrous ways; and our readers may, perhaps, recollect Dr. South's quaint reply—"Then has he less need of man's ignorance." Days, too, there were, when an inquiry into the laws of nature was denounced as an impious attempt at unveiling what it was not intended man should know, and when the successful result of such inquiries was stigmatised as heresy, and their author punished as an infidel. The same spirit still survives; it is not dead, but sleepeth; and occasional demonstrations of its existence may be traced in the works of men who overlook the aim and end of Revelation, torture the book of life out of its proper meaning, and strangely contrive to bring about a collision between natural phenomena and the word of God. As a reply to their mischievous follies, Mr. Sedgwick has drawn up his present discourse on the studies of the University, in which he shows, with a clearness that does honour to the philosopher, and a piety that well becomes the divine, the differences between the foundations of our physical knowledge and our religious belief—the total independence of the truths of the former on the doctrines of the latter, yet the manifold and singular confirmations they lend to these doctrines, at least as far as regards the points which might have been known to man without the aid of Revelation.

"The credibility of our religion depends on evidence, internal and external. Its internal evidence is seen in the coherence of its design from its first dawning to the fulness of its glorious light—in its purity and moral dignity—in its exalted motives fitted to call forth man's highest moral and intellectual energies—in its suitableness to his wants and weakness—in its laying bare the inner movements of his heart—in its declarations of the reality of a future state, and of other truths most important for him to know, yet of which he has but a faint and insufficient knowledge from the light of nature. Its external evidence mingles itself in a thousand ways with the internal; but finally resolves itself into the strength of human testimony, proving that God has at many times made a visible manifestation of his power on earth; promulgating among mankind a rule of life, enforcing it by the terror of penal sanctions, and confirming it by miracles publicly wrought in attestation of its truth. Physical science, on the contrary, derives no support from internal evidence or external testimony: but it is based on experiment alone, is perfected by induction, and is drawn out into propositions by a rational logic of its own. To confound the ground-works of philosophy and religion is to ruin the superstructure of both; for the bases on which they stand, as well as their design, are absolutely separate; and we may assume it as an incontrovertible truth, that the inductions of philosophy can be no more proved by the words of revelation, than the doctrines of Christianity can be established by the investigations of natural science."

This is eloquent and unanswerable: the application of the argument to geology, perhaps one of the most frequently attacked of

the natural sciences, bespeaks the hand of a master:

"The Bible instructs us that man, and other living things, have been placed but a few years upon the earth; and the physical monuments of the world bear witness to the same truth. If the astronomer tells us of myriads of worlds not spoken of in the sacred records; the geologist in like manner proves (not by arguments from analogy, but by the incontrovertible evidence of physical phenomena) that there were former conditions of our planet, separated from each other by vast intervals of time, during which man, and the other creatures of his own date, had not been called into being. Periods such as these belong not, therefore, to the moral history of our race; and come neither within the letter nor the spirit of revelation. Between the first creation of the earth and that day in which it pleased God to place man upon it, who shall dare to define the interval? On this question scripture is silent: but that silence destroys not the meaning of those physical monuments of his power that God has put before our eyes; giving us at the same time faculties whereby we may interpret them and comprehend their meaning.

"In the present condition of our knowledge, a statement like this is surely enough to satisfy the reasonable scruples of a religious man. But let us, for a moment, suppose that there are some religious difficulties in the conclusions of Geology. How then are we to solve them? Not by making a world after a pattern of our own—not by shifting and shuffling the solid strata of the earth, and then dealing them out in such a way as to play the game of an ignorant or dishonest hypothesis—not by shutting our eyes to facts, or denying the evidence of our senses: but by patient investigation, carried on in the sincere love of truth, and by learning to reject every consequence not warranted by direct physical evidence. Pursued in this spirit, Geology can neither lead to any false conclusions, nor offend against any religious truth. And this is the spirit with which many men have of late years followed this delightful science—devoting the best labours of their lives to its cultivation—turning over the successive leaves of nature's book, and interpreting her language, which they know to be a physical revelation of God's will—patiently working their way through investigations requiring much toil both of mind and body—accepting hypothesis only as a means of connecting disjointed phenomena, and rejecting them when they become unfitted for that office, so as in the end to build only upon facts and true natural causes—All this they have done, and are still doing; so that however unfinished may be the fabric they have attempted to rear, its foundations are laid upon a rock: and cannot be shaken, except by the arm of that Being who created the heaven and the earth—who gave laws to the material world, and still ordains them to continue what they are."

As we have fallen upon this science, let us follow out the inductions to which it leads, and see how far, in place of subverting, they strengthen and aid the proofs of natural religion:—

"By the discoveries of a new science (the very name of which has been but a few years engrafted on our language), we learn that the manifestations of God's power on the earth have not been limited to the few thousand years of man's existence. The Geologist tells us, by the clearest interpretation of the phenomena which his labours have brought to light, that our globe has been subject to vast physical revolutions. He counts his time not by celestial cycles, but by an index he has found in the solid framework of the globe itself. He sees a long succession of monuments, each of which



may have required a thousand ages for its elaboration. He arranges them in chronological order; observes on them the marks of skill and wisdom, and finds within them the tombs of the ancient inhabitants of the earth. He finds strange and unlooked-for changes in the forms and fashions of organic life during each of the long periods he thus contemplates. He traces these changes backwards through each successive era, till he reaches a time when the monuments lose all symmetry, and the types of organic life are no longer seen. He has then entered on the dark age of nature's history; and he closes the old chapter of her records.—This account has so much of what is exactly true, that it hardly deserves the name of figurative description.

"Geology, like every other science when well interpreted, lends its aid to natural religion. It tells us, out of its own records, that man has been but a few years a dweller on the earth; for the traces of himself and of his works are confined to the last monuments of its history. Independently of every written testimony, we therefore believe that man, with all his powers and appetencies, his marvellous structure and his fitness for the world around him, was called into being within a few thousand years of the days in which we live—not by a transmutation of species, (a theory no better than a frenzied dream,) but by a provident contriving power. And thus we at once remove a stumbling block, thrown in our way by those who would rid themselves of a prescient first cause, by trying to resolve all phenomena into a succession of constant material actions, ascending into an eternity of past time.

"But this is not the only way in which Geology gives its aid to natural religion. It proves that a pervading intelligent principle has manifested its power during times long anterior to the records of our existence. It adds to the great cumulative argument derived from the forms of animated nature, by shewing us new and unlooked-for instances of organic structure adjusted to an end, and that end accomplished. It tells us that God has not created the world and left it to itself, remaining ever after a quiescent spectator of his own work: for it puts before our eyes the certain proofs, that during successive periods there have been, not only great changes in the external conditions of the earth, but corresponding changes in organic life; and that in every such instance of change, the new organs, as far as we can comprehend their use, were exactly suited to the functions of the beings they were given to. It shews intelligent power not only contriving means adapted to an end: but at many successive times contriving a change of mechanism adapted to a change of external conditions; and thus affords a proof, peculiarly its own, that the great first cause continues a provident and active intelligence."

In this manner, clear, beautiful, and convincing, does Professor Sedgwick unfold his views regarding the objects and uses of the physical sciences; nor is he less admirable when speaking of the pursuit of languages, or the cultivation of the several branches of mental philosophy. But into these divisions of the subject we must, with whatever reluctance, decline following him. In fact, the extreme popularity of the work, which has already run it to a third edition, before we could secure a copy, and which, we have little doubt, will run it to as many more, in some measure exonerates us from the duty of multiplying extracts. One, however, we shall give, marked by the strong common sense and practical importance of the views which it contains, and shall then conclude, offering

our warmest thanks to Professor Sedgwick for having undertaken a task which we consider of equal importance to religion and philosophy, and the execution of which has awakened in us trains of thought and feeling that recall the vivid pleasure with which we first perused the pages of his great predecessor Ray, or the intense delight with which we half started forward to receive the conviction that seemed flashed on our minds by the irresistible demonstrations of him whom we still consider "the unrivalled" Paley.

"I think it incontestably true, that for the last fifty years our classical studies (with much to demand our undivided praise) have been too critical and formal; and that we have sometimes been taught, while straining after an accuracy beyond our reach, to value the husk more than the fruit of ancient learning: and if of late years our younger members have sometimes written prose Greek almost with the purity of Xenophon, or composed iambs in the finished diction of the Attic poets, we may well doubt whether time suffices for such perfection—whether the imagination and the taste might not be more wisely cultivated than by a long sacrifice to what, after all, ends but in verbal imitations—in short, whether such acquisitions, however beautiful in themselves, are not gained at the expense of something better. This at least is true, that he who forgets that language is but the sign and vehicle of thought, and while studying the word, knows little of the sentiment—who learns the measure, the garb, and fashion of ancient song, without looking to its living soul or feeling its inspiration—is not one jot better than a traveller in classic land, who sees its crumbling temples, and numbers, with arithmetical precision, their steps and pillars, but thinks not of their beauty, their design, or the living sculptures on their walls—or who counts the stones in the Apian way instead of gazing on the monuments of the 'eternal city.' \* \* \*

"The classical writers did not cultivate the imagination only; but they saw deep into the springs of human thought and action: and rightly apprehending the capacities of man and their bearing on social life, they laid the foundation of their moral systems in the principles and feelings of our nature, and built thereon a noble superstructure. Should any one object to these ancient systems (as Paley and many other writers have done), and tell us that they are obscure, indefinite, and without sanction: we might reply, that in every question, even of physical science, we take but a few steps towards a first cause, before we are arrested by a boundary we cannot pass—before we are encompassed with a darkness no eye can penetrate:—that in moral questions (founded, not on the properties of material agents, which we can examine and sift, again and again, by new experiments, but on the qualities of rational and responsible beings), still narrower is the limitation of our inquiries. To suppose that we can reason up to a first cause in moral questions—that we can reach some simple principle, whence we may descend with logical precision to all the complicated duties of a social being: is to misapprehend the nature of our faculties, and utterly to mistake the relation we bear both to God and man. Such a system may delight us by its clearness, and flatter our pride because it appears, at once, to bring all our duties within our narrow grasp: but it is clear only because it is shallow; while a better system may seem darker, only because it is more profound."

We cannot close our notice of this work without reiterating our high admiration of its merits.

*Mémoires Biographiques, Littéraires et Politiques, de Mirabeau, écrits par lui-même, par son Père, son Oncle, et son Fils adoptif*—[*Biographical Memoirs, Literary and Political, of Mirabeau, written by himself, his Father, his Uncle, and his adopted Son.*] Vols. I. & II. Paris. London: Dulau & Co.

The history of the French Revolution has been well written, but, unfortunately, too soon. A host of memoirs are yet destined to see the light, which must all make new discoveries, disclose new facts, and greatly modify the characters of persons and the colour of events. We should have imagined that conversation alone would have supplied French historians with just and new views; but the veterans of the day are chary of betraying secrets except to that MS. which is to be the record of their life and acts. Thus, of all the historians who have written on the revolution, not one has been able to explain the cause of the Duke of Orleans' forced journey to England in 1789. Lafayette's memoirs assuredly contain the secret, and we must wait for these. Mirabeau's papers, known to be in the possession of his adopted son, were looked to as another treasure, one day to be given to the world. But M. Lucas Montigny hesitated, from the revelation which the publication would make, and the scandal it would excite. However, there was a noble cotemporary of Mirabeau's, the Prince d'Arenberg, who was in all the revolutionary secrets and society of the time, who afterwards quarrelled, like Burke, with liberal opinions, and who recorded his experience and opinions of the men, and the events, in letters and writings, said to be most piquant and severe. M. d'Arenberg died lately, ordering by will that his papers should be published. They are now in course of printing at Brussels. Hearing of this publication as about to take place, M. Lucas Montigny determined to hesitate no longer in publishing the memoirs and papers of Mirabeau, knowing that whatever he might withhold, would soon be disclosed, and by a partial hand, in the memoirs of D'Arenberg. The public accordingly has been presented with two volumes of these genuine memoirs.

The first volume is almost exclusively occupied with an account of his ancestors, by Mirabeau himself. They are interesting, more especially the adventures of the Marquis John Anthony, an intrepid officer attached to the Duke of Vendôme. This account traces the family from Italy to its settlement in Provence, and its rise as a great commercial family at Marseilles. Notwithstanding their traffic, the merchants of the name of Mirabeau prided themselves on their noblesse; and one of them, who was consul, or mercantile magistrate, of the town, having been afterwards reproached as a *marchand* by a bishop, replied, that "he had been a *marchand* of police," (i. e. had administered justice,) "as the bishop was a *marchand* of holy water." Of this portion of the memoirs we shall translate but the following anecdote:—

Whilst passing the soldiers in review, my grandfather remarked one who held his firelock awkwardly upon his shoulder. He was about to reprimand him, when the major at his side observed, "You shall know the cause by and by."

They passed on, and the major afterwards related the following anecdote: "The regiment was at Saar-Louis, and the rigid rule of a garrison was then, as it still is, that no one should be found sword in hand, under penalty of having the hand amputated. It was the ill fortune of this man to find two of his comrades engaged in single combat; he ran towards them, and, drawing his sword (for the laws of honour forbid the separating of combatants but by the sword,) rushed in betwixt them. The guard came up at the instant, the combatants took flight, and the corporal, for such was the individual in question, was taken sword in hand, and conveyed to the guard-house. He related the adventure as it happened. A court martial was held, before which he frankly and simply repeated the truth. The court might have exercised mercy, but, as the price, it imperatively demanded the names of the individuals whose combat he had stopped, in order that they, at least, might not go unpunished. 'I do not deny that I know them,' said the unfortunate corporal, 'but I will not tell their names, nor put them in my place. Which of you would denounce a comrade? No; I have saved two soldiers for the king, and will continue to do so. I have become subject to the penalty, and will pay it. I ask only one favour—it is, that you will permit me to lose my left, instead of my right hand, that I may yet employ the latter in the king's service.' Alas! there is in the subaltern but too much of that servile spirit, which finds a glory in attaching itself to the letter of the ordonnance in all its rigour, and that dares not deviate in the least from that superstitious stiffness which costs vulgar minds so little to adhere to, especially when the rigour is exercised at the expense of others. This noble soldier was condemned, and returned thanks for being allowed to lose one hand instead of the other. On reaching the block, he said to the executioner, 'I have undergone this humiliation and these preparations for example's sake. In this consists the punishment; the rest is the king's order. I will execute it. It must be done by the hand of a soldier. Get you away, and give me the axe.' He seized the axe as he spoke, and, with his right hand, at a blow, severed his left from the arm. This was the soldier who, at the review, was awkwardly shouldering his musket with his stump."

There is a vivid and remarkable account in this portion of the memoirs, of a defence of a bridge on the Adda, by the Duke of Vendôme, against Prince Eugène. The feat is remarkable, being so similar to those of Napoleon's army on the same river; but it is so differently fought, and so differently told, as to display most strongly the difference between Louis the Fourteenth's soldiers and Napoleon's.

But it is time to pass to Mirabeau. His father and uncle, the Marquis and the Bailli, were most inexhaustible letter-writers, and we may add, that the former, especially, was one of the best and most spirited letter-writers even in the epistolary land of France. From this correspondence has been extracted every detail of Mirabeau's birth, infancy and youth. The most remarkable characteristic of his youth was his ugliness—the immense size of his head, and the hideousness of his features, increased by a plaster imprudently placed on them, whilst in the putrid crisis of the small-pox. The Marquis compares him to Punch, and records his smart sayings, which were much in the style of Punch. The father detested the boy, and, throughout his education, showed chiefly an anxiety to have him continually and severely beaten. From school he sent him to a regiment, where he had the

imprudence to contract some gambling debts. Punishment instantly followed in the shape of exile from his regiment, and finally, in imprisonment under a *lettre de cachet*. Curtailed in his allowances, debt was inevitable to Mirabeau, whilst his father had but the one plan of visiting a fault—the whip for the boy, fetters and a prison so soon as he had reached the age of puberty. At length Mirabeau married, with his father's consent, an heiress, whose fortune he was not allowed to touch; an arrangement that inevitably augmented, instead of alleviating, his difficulties and debts. For these he was again confined to some distant town, where he thought fit to horsewhip a gentleman for insulting his sister. The old Marquis seized the pretext, and procured an order for immuring his son, first in the Chateau d'If, near Marseilles, and afterwards in the Chateau de Joux, on the Swiss frontier. Here, separated from his wife, from friends, from all hopes and enjoyments, Mirabeau won the affections, and flung himself into the arms of the Marquise de Mounier, the sixteen years old wife of a sexagenarian. With her he fled to Holland; being condemned, in his absence, for this crime, to the penalty of decapitation, whilst the companion of his flight was at the same time condemned to perpetual seclusion. So much for the punishment inflicted upon minors in an age when the heads of families might be guilty, with impunity, of the greatest criminality and excess.

The old Marquis de Mirabeau depicts his own character: "Four days ago," writes he, "I met Monpezat, whom I had not seen for twenty years, whose absurdity drew from me a good reproof." "Your law-suit with your Marchioness, is it terminated?" asked he. "I have won it."—"Where is she?" "In a convent."—"And your son?" "In a convent."—"And your daughter?" "In a convent."—"Why, you have undertaken to people the convents."—"Aye, Sir, and if you had been my son, you had been in a convent long ago." The poor Marquis thinks he has the best of the argument here. The tyrannical acts of cruelty committed in his family, under the sanction of the government, are amply sufficient to neutralize in one's mind all the sympathy and horror previously felt at the sufferings of the French noblesse in the revolution. How fully the aristocrats earned their proscription, may be gathered from the 'Mémoires de Mirabeau.' We have not made many translations from these two first volumes, because their matter has already been, for the most part, given in the 'Lettres à Sophie,' found at Vincennes; and also for another reason, viz. that the letters of the old Marquis are utterly untranslatable, from force and *bizarrie* of expression. We shall await the revelation concerning the political career of Mirabeau with impatience. These volumes still leave him immured at Vincennes.

*Recollections of a Naval Life.* By Capt. James Scott, R.N. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

We are never weary of any set of books so long as they bear the impress of original and individual character—so long as we find in them traces of having been written from the heart, and not by the yard. This is the case with the volumes before us—they are not so racy or sparkling as some of their

naval predecessors, over whose pages we have positively suffered a sea-change—not so richly adorned with wild incident, or quaint delineation of character; but they are earnestly written, and contain the adventures of one whose career has been no playing at sailanship.

Yet, ere we go further, we have it upon our consciences to enter a protest against the spirit which their pages display, far too frequently for our liking—we have left behind us (we hope, never to return to them,) the days when "we hated the French, because they were slaves, and wore wooden shoes," and cannot read so much concerning "John Crapaud," and "Brother Jonathan," as we find here, without regretting that, as words of reproach, these names have not been long ago forgotten; or, at all events, laid aside in this piping time of peace, when we are neither troubled with wars nor rumours of wars. Should we again meet our younger sister from the other side of the Atlantic on hostile terms, or have to look menacingly across the channel, from Dover to Calais, it will surely then be time enough to write these watchwords of derision upon our banners. At present, we are at peace, and it behoves us to keep it, in word as well as deed.

But the Captain is of the old school, and will neither thank us for our remarks, nor listen to our counsel, should he give us a second series of his Recollections. No matter, we have quieted our conscience, and can now turn to the pleasanter task of looking over his pages, to see what we shall extract for the entertainment of our readers. We have been tempted by the detail (very strikingly told,) of the sufferings of a crew, put on board a prize ship, to conduct her to Ceylon; but it is too long, and too saddening. We begin, then, almost at random, with an old anecdote of a flying fish, which will add to the stores of our friends the naturalists:—

"A singular occurrence took place while cruising here: a large fish, of the baracouta species, leaped over the lee-quarter, and, alighting upon the arm of the man at the lee-wheel, bit the poor fellow so severely as to lodge him in the doctor's list, for three weeks: it must have had its jaws open in this singular flight, and have closed them immediately upon finding itself in contact with the object first opposed to its further progress. It was secured, and paid the penalty of its aerial gambols and flagitious attack by being unanimously condemned to serve as a propitiatory offering at the Captain's table. A messmate (for whom I still entertain a high regard, and whose destiny for many years linked itself with mine, long after the total dispersion of the jovial band of ardent spirits who set forward on the path of life together) was in the habit of introducing this strange event whenever anything of the marvellous was brought upon the tapis; the laugh of incredulity which generally followed was sure to rouse an appeal to me for the veracity of the story; I could only confirm the fact, and thereby drew upon myself a share of the good-humoured jokes that invariably followed my friend Dick's recital.—After a hearty Ha, ha, ha! at our expense, one wag would open out,

" 'I say, Jemmy, where did this take place?'  
" 'On the coast of Coromandel.'  
" 'Oh, oh! you have rounded the cape, have you? I thought so. Very odd all these wonderful sort of affairs happen on the other side of the Cape.'"

Here is an extract touching Jack ashore, which shows the Captain in his lively vein:

"I remember once on going up by the mail, in 1807, from Devonport to London, we stopped to take up a passenger at a public-house at Plymouth. He was a seaman who had just been discharged, through the intercession of his friends, from one of his Majesty's ships, then lying in the Sound, in consequence of his having tumbled unexpectedly into a property of five hundred a-year. Jack made his appearance in his new character of a gentleman, rigged out in his long togs, evidently, if one might judge from the broad yawning in his course, trimmed a little too much by the head, surrounded by at least a dozen of his late ship-mates, to whom he had been giving a farewell treat; the plenitude of which might be plainly inferred from the unsteady motions and loving kindness displayed by them to their more fortunate messmate in taking leave of him, a process which sadly put the patience of both guard and coachman to the test. He had paid his six guineas for an inside place—the guard, tired with waiting, called out,

"Now, sir, get in, we can't wait a moment longer."

"Haven't I engaged my passage in this here craft?"

"Yes, but we are past our time, and we must be off—Come, get in, my good fellow."

"I say, Mr. Quarter-master, or whoever you are, do you fancy I am going to stow my carcase away in such a cramped up hold as that? No, no, I am for the upper deck;" and up he started on the roof of the coach. \* \* \*

"It was noticed on changing horses at Ivy Bridge, (where he insisted upon treating all the hostlers and bystanders,) that the poor fellow had at least from sixty to seventy pounds about him: the gentlemen in the inside recommended the guard to take charge of his pocket-book for safety, which he willingly gave into his custody, on condition that he would give him a one-pound note. As night drew on the sailor's generosity had no means of finding objects upon which to vent itself; but after six o'clock in the morning, the pound note rapidly dwindled away, so that by the time we had passed Taunton the last shilling had been expended, and Jack's liberal feelings appeared to increase as the fumes of the various draughts he had quaffed mounted and took possession of his upper works. Another pound note was demanded, which the gentlemen strongly advised the guard not to supply; every method was resorted to for the purpose of persuading him to remain quiet, but all was to no effect.

"Give me my money, Mr. Guardo," exclaimed Jack.

"But, my good fellow, we have had quite enough to drink, we don't want any more."

"Who asked you for your opinion? give me the money."

"No, no, I'll take care of it for you till we get to Bath, and then you shall have it."

"Hand over, you sharking land-lubber, or I'll bung up those top lights of yours. Clap a stopper upon your jaw tackle, and give me my money." \* \* \*

"He had no sooner got possession of it than he jumped down from the coach, swearing he would not sail another mile in company with such a set of privateersmen. It was folly to argue with him, and he was therefore left behind. Before we had reached the next stage, Jack had overtaken us in a chaise and four, waving his hat, with his body more than half out of the window, singing out at the full pitch of his voice,—

"Go along, you beggars!—make more sail you lubberly hounds, and catch me if you can."

We wish we had room for the account of the chase of *La Guerrière*; but it is told at length, and to take only a part of it, were to do injustice to the teller. The adventure of

the pursuit and capture of the brig *La Pygade*, is also well told; the little anecdote with which it concludes, makes us half regret that she was taken:—

"The poor Frenchman, it appeared, did not perceive us till we were actually alongside of him, and the whistling of the shot between his masts dispelled his dreams of security. At the very moment they fell into our power, they were congratulating themselves upon their escape. On looking over a log-book belonging to one of the officers, in which his hopes and fears during the day had been carefully registered, I observed that at five o'clock, when the wind had fallen and the brig appeared to have rather gained upon us, the Frenchman had written down, 'Dieu merci, nous ne serons pas pris aujourd'hui. Adieu! Jean Boul—Adieu! ros bi!'"

In addition to the perils of the deep, Captain Scott proved the horrors of pestilence. His account of the yellow fever and his own sufferings under the malady, is most ghastly; but he recovered, and was presently called upon to share in the new adventures of the Martinique expedition. That these were no child's play, the following anecdote will prove—it is truly characteristic:—

"The admiration of the blue-jackets was greatly excited by the cool conduct of Captain Charles S—th of the Engineers, and the contempt of danger he at all times displayed. This officer was appointed to superintend the construction of the batteries to which the seamen were attached, and to direct their labours: we could not but admire his imperturbable equanimity. I felt highly amused at watching him one day eating his dinner. Descending from the parapet, where he had been exposed all the morning to a hot fire, he quietly seated himself upon the ground a little to the right of the battery, and, placing the plate upon his knees, began a vigorous attack upon the savoury viands. The second mouthful was on its way when a twenty-four pound shot grazed so close to him that it scattered the earth over himself and his dinner. The plate being cleared of this unwelcome condiment, he again set-to, in no way ruffled in temper or disposed to balk his appetite. A second ball played him the same malicious trick, when he got up and removed himself, his dinner, and his three bottles of porter, behind the parapet, and, once more settling his affairs, he exclaimed 'Now fire away and be d—d to you!' Five minutes had perhaps elapsed, when, as he was quaffing off a draught of porter, a shell fell in his rear, and, exploding, covered him with dirt, and buried the remains of his luckless dinner. I think I see him now rising and shaking the rubbish from his shoulders, his patience at length exhausted by the loss of his repast, and in irritated accents apostrophizing the inconsiderate Frenchmen with 'D—n your eyes, master Johnny, can't you let me have my dinner in peace?'"

We do not profess to give a sketch of Capt. Scott's career, in the course of which he was carried into all the four quarters of the globe. His adventures at Cadiz are among the most interesting things in these volumes—there is a fearful account of the execution of a young nobleman, for treason; but we leave this, and, in our present mood, prefer extracting an account of some of the feats of a dog on board the *Myrtle*, who must have been a treasure for discretion and fidelity:

"A marine who had just joined the ship, and who was unacquainted with the excellent qualities of the dog, endeavoured while bathing to entice him from his station into the water; the noble animal paid no attention to his invitation. One of the crew told the marine, that if he swam

out of the sail, and would call out as if in distress, and suit the action to the word, Mr. Boatswain would certainly obey his summons. The marine took the hint, got out of the sail, and began to enact the part of a drowning man to perfection. The dog instantly sprang into the water, with his ears erect, his eyes flashing fire from intense anxiety; away he swam for the soldier, who, on the approach of his canine friend, began to have some misgivings as to the wisdom of his proceedings. He now became alarmed, lest the dog should seize him, which manœuvre Boatswain appeared resolved to execute: his fears increased with the dog's endeavours to effect his purpose; and finally, he roared out most lustily for help from his shipmates. The louder the poor devil sang out, the more determined was the sagacious brute to seize him; and he very soon accomplished his purpose, grasping him firmly by the hair at the back of the neck, and, twisting his face towards the heavens, brought him alongside, amidst the convulsive roars of laughter of the whole of the ship's company, and the piteous cries of the jolly marine. Boatswain would not resign his hold till the frightened man was assisted up the side; the bight of a rope being then placed overboard for his conductor, he placed his fore-legs in it up to his shoulders, and, holding himself stiffly out, was hauled up, and calmly resumed his watch as if nothing had happened. \* \* \*

"Whenever the ship's company were exercised at the guns with blank cartridge, or at the target, the dog was at the acme of delight and ecstasy; he appeared mad with enjoyment, running and jumping from one gun to another, as they were fired. When corporal punishment took place, he was the veriest picture of gravity that can be imagined; placing himself in the centre of the vacant part of the deck immediately before the upright gratings, and watching with solemn interest the whole proceedings. Not so if any irregular disturbance occurred among the people themselves. Three men were quarrelling one day, and came to blows before the master-at-arms could interfere; the animal was attracted to the spot by the uproar, and, not understanding this mode of settling disputes, immediately brought one of the combatants to the deck, and separated the other two, with the most perfect coolness of purpose."

Here we leave the gallant Captain. His third volume treats of American matters, (the affair of the Shannon and Chesapeake, and the attack upon Washington, amongst other things,) and for the reasons given above, we will not carry our readers into such a region of discord.

*The Chinese Repository.* Vol. II. May—September, (Five Nos.) 1833. Canton.

THIS periodical is conducted by Dr. Morrison, and is principally designed as a record of Missionary intelligence. It contains, however, occasionally, articles of a more general nature, and, in the numbers before us, we find some very curious information respecting the political and social condition of China, which, now that the trade with that country has been opened, cannot fail to prove interesting and valuable to a large portion of our readers. In our review of Auber's work, we mentioned that the Mantchew dynasty possessed no hold on the respect or affections of the Chinese, and that its abundant precautions originated in fear. A writer in the 'Repository' amply confirms our statements.

"After the accession of the Mantchew family to the throne, multitudes of men left their homes



for the islands of the Indian archipelago, to escape the thralldom of these barbarian rulers.—Many of the islands are thickly inhabited by the Chinese settlers, whose numbers are annually increased by new comers, while only a few return to their native land."

We stated that the ruling party was forced to compensate for want of strength, by keeping up deceptive appearances to impose on public opinion; and the same writer presents us with the following account of its real weakness.

"With all its apparent power and extensive sway, the empire is becoming more enfeebled, and the people have sunk into a state of perfect apathy and helplessness. Whilst the most powerful nations tremble to come within the reach of this colossus, a few rude mountaineers in the province of Canton can bid defiance to the united celestial army; pirates are cruising along the coast in sight of a large imperial fleet; and a handful of rebels in Formosa keep the proud mandarins at bay."

Dr. Morrison states that there is a growing anxiety among the Chinese to become acquainted with the English language; and Dr. Gutzlaff, who recently undertook a voyage along the coast from Canton to Leaoow Tung, in Mantchew Tartary, found the people of China extremely anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of their visitors. Gutzlaff's journal is, we understand, preparing for publication in England, but as it is likely to be delayed, we shall make a few extracts from the summary inserted in the 'Repository.'

Dr. Gutzlaff sailed from Canton, on board the *Sylph*, October 20th, 1832; the vessel was bound for Teen-tsin and Mantchew Tartary. After encountering very severe weather, she reached Kae-chow bay, where she was nearly wrecked. The mandarins viewed the strangers with suspicion, but the Chinese generally gave them a hospitable welcome.

"At our re-entering Tung-tze-Kow bay, we saw a great number of junks at anchor. We were hailed by the kind natives, who procured for us provisions and fuel, which the mandarins had promised, but had never furnished. The absence of their rulers rendered the people more friendly; they did every thing in their power to oblige, and shewed themselves worthy of our trust. In their habits and behaviour, they appeared very much like our peasantry; some of their farms were in excellent order, and plenty reigns everywhere. Kae-chow city, which we visited, is situated about ten miles in the interior, surrounded by a high wall and thickly inhabited; it is a place of extensive trade, but the houses are low and ill-built. The Chinese colonists, which are by far the most numerous part of the population, are very industrious; whilst the Tartars live at their ease, and enjoy the emoluments of government."

On their return they encountered a severe storm:—

"When at last the thick clouds cleared away, and the sun shone out in his lustre, the sea still running very high, we perceived a junk in distress. She had lost both her masts and anchors, and was drifting like a log upon the wide ocean. Several Chinese vessels were in her neighbourhood, but only one approached her, and after perceiving her helpless state, bore away with one of the crew. We manned a boat and ran alongside, but were nearly swamped by the huge waves. The crew, twelve in number, stretched out their hands for assistance, and with piteous cries, intimated their dangerous situation. The first thing which they handed to

us, was an image of the "Queen of Heaven," the patroness of Chinese navigators. At this extraordinary instance of heathenish delusion, I grew impatient, as we had not a moment to lose; I called to them, 'Let the idol perish, which can neither save itself nor you.' We snatched up four men into the boat, and returned towards the ship. The idol was drowned, but all the men were saved.—After many reverses, having entered the Woo-sung river, we drew up a memorial addressed to the principal magistrate of Shang-hae district, and delivered the Chinese, who were natives of Tsung-ming island into his care. We had immediately an interview with Admiral Kwang, the naval commander of this station; he was very friendly, made numerous inquiries respecting Mr. L. the supercargo of the *Amherst*, (see *Athenæum* No. 302), and offered his services for our accommodation."

Of Cha-poo, a harbour in about 30½ degrees north latitude, we have the following account:—

"Cha-poo is the only place from whence the imperial monopoly with Japan is carried on. It has a tolerable harbour with considerable overfalls. The rise and fall of the tide is very great, so much that the smaller junks are left high and dry at low water. Together with its suburbs, the town is perhaps five miles in circuit, built in a square, and intersected by numerous canals, which are connected with the Hang-chow river. Nothing can exceed the beautiful and picturesque appearance of the surrounding regions. We may say that as far as the eye can range, all is one village, interspersed with lowering pagodas, romantic mausoleums, and numerous temples. The adjacent country is called the Chinese Arcadia; and surely if any territory in China is entitled to this name, it is the tract around Hang-chow, and Cha-poo. It seems that the natives also are sensible of their prerogative, in inhabiting this romantic spot. They have tried to improve upon nature, and have embellished the scenery with canals, neat roads, plantations and conspicuous buildings. We found nowhere such openness and kindness as among them. Their intelligent inquiries respecting our country were endless, and they seemed never satiated with our company. When we first landed, an armed party was drawn up along the shore. The soldiers had matchlocks, and burning matches ready for a charge. A Tartar General had placed himself in a temple to superintend the operations. Being accustomed to the fire of Chinese batteries, which seldom do hurt, and knowing that their matchlocks cannot hit, we passed the line of their defence in peace. The soldiers retreated, and the crowds of people in the rear being very dense, a great part of the camp was overrun and pressed down by the people, so that the tents fell to the ground. After this outset nothing disagreeable occurred; we were at full liberty to walk abroad and converse with the people, and were only occasionally troubled with the clamorous entreaties of some officers. But after an interview with a messenger from the Lieutenant Governor at Hang-chow, (a very sensible courteous officer) we came to an understanding."

The following very useful advice to missionaries deserves attention.

"I should recommend it to a missionary, about to enter China, to make himself perfectly acquainted with the diseases of the eye. He cannot be too learned in the ophthalmic science, for ophthalmia is more frequent here than in any other part of the world. This arises from a peculiar curved structure of the eye, which is generally very small, and often inflamed by inverted eye-lids."

The voyagers reached Shih-poo, in latitude

29° N., on the 1st of April; Dr. Gutzlaff is rapturous in his praise of this place.

"I can scarcely do justice to this place, delightfully situated as it is at the bottom of a basin, having one of the best harbours in the world, entirely formed by the hand of God. Hitherto the weather had been very boisterous and cold,—a thick mist filling the air. We had been weeks without seeing the sun; even in this latitude, and in March, we had storms. But now the spring was approaching; the wheat-fields stood in the blade, and the blossoms of the peach-trees perfumed the air. To ramble at such a season, surrounded by such scenery, is true enjoyment, and draws the heart powerfully towards the Almighty God. The mandarins had now given up the principle of disturbing us from mere jealousy, and they will perhaps never try to interfere with us any more. So fruitless have been all their attempts to deter us from any intercourse with the natives, that the more they strove to effect their purpose, the more we gained our point, and the reader we were received by the natives. \* \* \*

"After a voyage of six months and nine days, we reached Lintin, near Macao, on the 29th of April 1833."

We are glad to find the opinions which we published in our review of the voyage of the *Amherst* so fully confirmed; and trust that the intercourse between England and China will soon diffuse the blessings of civilization through Eastern Asia. This consummation is likely to be hastened by the exertions of Dr. Gutzlaff; he has published a monthly periodical in the Chinese language, of which the first number is before us, devoted solely to science and literature, excluding every thing that may offend the religious scruples of the Chinese people, or the political jealousy of the Mantchew rulers. A missionary could not be employed more beneficially; such a publication will facilitate the progress of Christianity in the East, more than a million of controversial tracts.

Among other curiosities in the 'Repository,' we find a specimen of the first Buddhist novel, with which Europeans have become acquainted; it is written in praise of celibacy, and it is so very similar to some of the legends in the *Acta Sanctorum*, that we shall give a brief account of it.

An Emperor of Hing-ling (now included in China) had three daughters, but no son; the Empress and he in vain "wearied heaven with prayers," and at length he resolved to make a grandson his heir. The two eldest Princesses readily gave their hands to officers of the court, but the youngest, being devoted to the religion of Buddha, resolved to lead a life of single blessedness.

"All the threats and punishments from her parents were ineffectual to keep her away from a monastery. She there performed the most menial offices, and was greatly rewarded by the approbation of the Gods. Neither ridicule nor violence could prevail upon her to forsake the monastic life; she bore everything with patience. When she stooped so far as to become a servant in the kitchen, birds and quadrupeds were sent by Buddha to her assistance; and even the old dragon was despatched to open the well for her to draw water."

When this report reached the Emperor, he sent soldiers to destroy the monastery, but a shower of "red rain" extinguished the flames. He next dragged his daughter to court, but she disfigured her face to avoid the importunities of suitors. At length he ordered her to be executed.

"She bore the sentence with fortitude, for Buddha sustained her. All nature mourned when she expired; even the beasts of the field and the fishes of the sea showed their grief; the sun and moon were darkened in heaven; the atmosphere was filled with mist; the sea overflowed, and all nations pitied the cruel lot of the Princess. When her body was about to be exposed on the scaffold, a tiger rushed in, seized and carried away the corpse into a wood."

She preached the doctrines of Buddhism, however, in the shades, and was rewarded by permission to revisit this world.

"Again she was restored to life, and borne home on the back of a tiger to Fragrant Hill, (the name of the monastery,) where she became a nun. Her father meanwhile was afflicted with a most painful disease, which no physician could relieve. When a priest offered his services, and was accepted, he directed the Emperor to go to Fragrant Hill; there he arrived, met his daughter, repented of his errors, and became a staunch champion of Buddhism."

We sincerely hope that this periodical will meet with such support as will ensure its continuance.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Homeries*.'—Only a few copies of this very spirited version of the fifth book of the *Odyssey* have been printed for private distribution. It needed not the initial letters to tell us, that for this translation we are indebted to the classic pen of Archdeacon Wrangham, the only living writer who has triumphed over what has been well called, "the fatal facility of octosyllabic verse." The part of Homer which Mr. Wrangham has selected for his experiment, is one well calculated to tax his powers to the utmost, from the magnitude and variety of the subjects introduced: the council of the Gods, the romantic Isle of Calypso, the miseries of the home-sick Ulysses, the building of his ship, his adventuring forth a solitary voyager on an unknown sea, the storm raised by Neptune, the sinking of the bark, and the escape of Ulysses by the aid of Minerva, pass before us in more rapid succession than the scenes of Homer usually follow. The passage which we think Mr. Wrangham has most successfully rendered, is that describing the mission of Hermes to the Isle of Calypso, from which Camoens borrowed his *Island of Venus*, and probably Tasso his *Gardens of Armida*. We need scarcely remind our classical readers of Virgil's imitation of the simile of the petrel, or of its inferiority to the sublime original:—

He spake: the Argicide obey'd;  
Fast to his feet his sandals made,  
Celestial, golden—through the skies  
With these o'er lands and seas he hies,  
Fleet as the wind—his wand then takes,  
With which he or the slumberer wakes,  
Or at his will with slumber seals  
The wakeful. So prepared, he wheels  
On pinion strong his airy flight,  
Descends upon Pieria's height;  
Thence, lowering, o'er the billows sweeps:  
As petrel in vast ocean's deeps  
Dips oft its wing in quest of prey,  
So skimm'd the God the salt sea-spray.

Soon as he reach'd the distant isle,  
Lighting he paced the beach awhile;  
Till to a spacious cave he came,  
Where safe within a bright-tress'd dame:  
Blazed on the hearth a cedar-pile,  
And woods high-scented, o'er the isle  
Diffusing odours far and wide:  
She still her golden shuttle plied,  
And sang the while a witching lay,  
As 'mid the threads her fingers play.  
Around, thick, groves their summer-dress  
Wore in luxuriant loveliness—  
Alder and poplar quiver'd there,  
And fragrant cypress tower'd in air;  
And there broad-pinion'd birds were seen,  
Nesting amid the foliage green;  
Birds, which the marge of ocean haunt—  
Gull, auk, and screaming cormorant;

And there, the deep mouth of the cave  
Fringing, the cluster'd vine-boughs wave.  
Sprung from near sources bright and gay,  
Four limpid fountains urge their way  
Divergent o'er the parsley'd mead,  
Where the sweet violet droops its head  
—A scene, should Gods survey the sight,  
Which Gods might gaze on with delight!

We feel grateful to Mr. Wrangham, for the pleasure he has afforded us; but we think that Apollonius Rhodius in Greek, and Statius in Latin, would afford better materials for his favourite metre, than Homer or even Virgil. Both writers are more romantic than epic, and though it may be a prejudice arising from old associations, we hold the octosyllabic verse to be a metre suited only to chivalrous subjects.

'*A Year at Hartlebury; or, The Election, by Cherry and Fair Star*.' 2 vols.—There is a good deal of vivid reality about this novel, but it is as much a novel of manners, as those called fashionable. There is nothing of pathos or passion, beyond what appears on the surface of life; but some of the scenes, though coarse and hard, are faithful; the characters generally, are natural; and there is a fidelity in the author's pencil, which makes us regret that he had not a better subject.

'*Medica Sacra; or, short Expositions of the more important Diseases mentioned in the Sacred Writings*, by Thomas Shapter, M.D.'—In attempting to explain by natural causes, events recorded as miraculous, Doctor Shapter has undertaken a task of extreme difficulty and delicacy, one in which the ingenious is separated from the absurd by a very narrow line, on the wrong side of which Doctor Shapter is generally to be found. If we believe that God sent certain diseases as a punishment for certain offences, we must either hold, that these diseases are the natural consequences of such offences, and then they would always follow their commission; or that they are supernatural consequences, the effect of a special interference with the ordinary laws of nature, confined to that particular occasion, and then they are miraculous. This, in fact, is nothing more than the extended expression of a proposition, which appears to us perfectly identical, viz., that all events either are natural or are not. Dr. Shapter will have it that some events, both are natural and are not. Take his own words: "There are many passages, there can be no doubt, that attribute the inflicting of disease to the power of God, exerted specially to that purpose; yet these passages involve no reason why the usually attendant natural causes and effects should not be present."—Doctor Shapter must be singularly dull. If the "natural causes" are present, the effects would have followed without God's "special" interference, which is thus brought into action where it can be of no possible use. Here, therefore, the Doctor commits the philosophic absurdity, of supposing two causes (each sufficient) for one result. But in the present instance, the causes are actually inconsistent, the one being "natural," that is, according to the common laws of nature, the other "miraculous," that is, to quote Dr. Shapter's own definition, "contrary to the common laws of nature." Here, therefore, he further commits the physical absurdity of supposing the co-existence of contradictory circumstances.

—From such a commencement, much might naturally have been expected, but unfortunately our author seems so inveterately modest, that through his whole volume, principally a *réchauffée* from Mason Good, and Mead's *Medica Sacra*, we have been unable to detect more than one original idea; and this is, that Job's disease was neither more nor less than the small-pox! Of course, as vaccination was not known in those days, and the disease appears to have been confluent, Job became pock-marked after his recovery, and Doctor Shapter might work out this

idea, by a reference to Job's complaint, "that he is filled with wrinkles which are a witness against him, and that his leanness rising up bears witness to his face." If Doctor Shapter's friend, Canon Rogers, would oblige him by translating 'wrinkles' into 'seams,' or 'pits,' his discovery would be all but proved, and would doubtless entitle him to the everlasting gratitude of the civilized world. Doctor Shapter undertakes to explain in a few words what we are to understand "by demoniacs, or the being possessed by demons," and after referring us to the learned discussions of Mede, Sykes, Lardner, Farmer, Mead, Lightfoot, &c., tells us that, abstracting all "figurative language," nothing further is intended, than that people were affected with lunacy and epilepsy. He has forgotten however to settle which of these causes drove "the whole herd of swine violently down a steep place into the sea;"—perhaps they were only drowned by "a figure." The fact is, the subject was too high, and too holy, for Doctor Shapter; and, in consequence, he has succeeded, we regret to say, in nothing more than making it ridiculous. If he will rush into print, let him try something within, what Locke would term "the limited reach of his capacity:" a learned Professor of the present day made his literary coup d'essai under the modest title of 'Easy Hints for Ladies' Maids;' could not Doctor Shapter do something of this kind?

'*A Poem on the Meditation of Nature, spoken September 26th, 1832, before the Association of the Alumni of Washington College*, by Park Benjamin.'—The lyre of the muse of America has a tone of its own, and those of her songs are most welcome to us, which breathe most of an individual and national character. The poem before us possesses an interest, in addition to its intrinsic merits, from the occasion for which it was composed; and we can imagine that, when recited, it must have produced a powerful effect. Mr. Benjamin has prefaced it with a few modest words,—they were not needed: we shall be always glad to listen to one who sings as earnestly and well as he does. The passage wherein he unfolds the nature of his subject, is, perhaps, one of the best fitted for extract; but there are many others in the poem of equal, if not of greater merit.

Of Nature's pure philosophy I sing:—  
And my entire devotion and the flame  
Of quenchless love upon her altar fling;  
For she has ever been to me the same  
Unchanging parent, generous and kind;  
And all its better nourishment my mind  
Draws from her bosom, and my heart would be  
Cold as an iceberg of the northern sea  
If, when I gaze on her undying forms,  
I did not speak the gratitude which warms  
The flowing water of its deepest fountains.  
Her quiet vales and her majestic mountains,  
Her angry seas, that struggle with the wrath  
Of the fierce tempest, rushing from the sky  
To rend the earth in his destructive path,  
Or flash revenge from his dark shrouded eye,—  
Her still lakes, sleeping in the starlight beams,  
Her warring cataracts, her peaceful streams,  
The boundless prairie where the eagle soars,  
The solemn grandeur of her ancient woods,  
The haggard rocks that guard her bending shores,  
Her green retreats and leafy solitudes,  
All fill my soul with reverential awe;  
For everywhere I read the changeless law  
That tells its immortality, and learn  
Lessons of wisdom, purer than the deep  
And strangely-wrought philosophies, that burn  
And waste the spirit, when subduing sleep  
Should lull the wearied senses, and the brain  
Form golden visions to relieve the pain.  
Of ceaseless thought, which, ere youth's roses bloom,  
Oft strews their blossoms on an early tomb.

'*On the Church and the Establishment, two plain Sermons*, by the Rev. W. F. Hook, M.A.'—We have rarely seen controversial discourses written in a more affectionate and gentle spirit than these two sermons. Many will dissent from the author's conclusions, some perhaps controvert his premises, but no one, even of his adversaries, can refuse Mr. Hook the praise of candour in stating his own opinions, and of



tolerance in examining those of his opponents. To this high praise we must add, that Mr. Hook has the merit of being the first to state fairly the true question at issue; we are not now to inquire into the wisdom of originally connecting the church with the state,—but whether, now that the connexion has subsisted so long, and has affected so many of our institutions, it would be expedient to rend the bonds asunder. On neither question shall we offer any opinion, but rest content with recommending Mr. Hook's able and temperate examination of the question, to all who feel interested in the subject.

'*Zchoekke's History of Switzerland*.'—This is a very picturesque narrative of the gallant struggle, by which the liberties of Switzerland were established; but the author's enthusiasm prevented him from coolly scrutinizing his authorities. He has followed closely the national legends, and has consequently inserted many anecdotes as facts, which are either mere inventions, or borrowed from the traditional tales of other nations, as, for instance, the story of William Tell shooting at the apple on his son's head. The translator has caught no small portion of his author's enthusiastic spirit, and the work deserves to rank among the most exciting specimens of "The Romance of History."

'*Le Mie Prigioni, Memorie di Sileio Pellico*.'—A very neat little edition, published by Rolandi, with the 'Addizioni,' by Maroncelli, a brief biographical memoir, and a portrait.

'*The Prospect of Scenes of Real Life*.'—Here are three little domestic sketches, the first work, we should imagine, of a very young author, and not without promise.

'*Les Barioles*'—belongs to a class to be found in the *petits cabinets de lecture*, of the Rue St. Martin, and in the Faubourgs, where they are thumbed by *grisettes*, *dansesuses*, *ouvrières*, and pretty milliners, not forgetting *blanchisseuses en fin*, and nowhere else. 'Les Barioles' is, after its kind, not free from indelicacy. We should have passed the work by altogether, but this notice is an acknowledgment that it has come safely to hand, and it occupies little more space than an answer to correspondents.

'*Fulton and Knight's Dictionary*.'—We will not say that the system of orthoëpy proposed by Mr. Fulton, is the best that has been yet devised, but it certainly is the most intelligible and most easily applied.

'*Abbott's Teacher*.'—This is a reprint of a valuable American publication, detailing what may be called a series of experiments in education. The editor's preface contains much valuable matter, and there is one aphorism in it, which cannot be too strongly impressed at the present moment: "by lowering the standard of improvement to which the few aspire, we gradually debase the standard of acquirement to which the many may reach."

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, 23th March, 1834.

ALL in a fuss here about Holy Week: there is to be such fun at St. Peter's—chairing the Pope, hustling the Cardinals, and running a-muck through the rabble! No such doings, I am told, since the days of St. Peter himself:—a return perchance to the rites of the primitive church, as far as may be? Rome is quite agog with it. Nine of her Eminences have ordered new sets of petticoats. A fire-new cross, sir, bespoke for the interior, to support a constellation of fixed stars in sconces, while a thousand meteors on the ends of as many wax-candles, flicker around it. Michael Angelo's sublime cupola too, is to be stuck over with stage-lights, as thick as a tart with sugar-almonds. Won't it be something

worth looking at then? Well, you may guess what a Romeo among our sight-loving Juliets Pope Gregory is now!—from having been "odious old Mr. Red-Lady-of-Babylon," he is at present become the god of their idolatry. In short, I perceive the hottest popery-haters among them would fall into his arms, if "the odd creature had not made a vow against celibacy!" Of a truth I almost begin to tremble for the good cause of heresy. But we philosophers are bound to fiddle, while Rome is in a conflagration; so I go to my antiquities. A curious inscription I took down to-day at the Church of St. Maria in Trastevere.

*Lector Siste, Nec vivus nec mortuus, Hic hæreo hic mæreo, Fido eram destitutus, Conjugem amiseram, Hic, Fido reddor, Et a conjuge non sejungor, Et dum, Mortuus spectans, Mortem expecto, Præ timore lapidis, Hunc lapidem erigo, Nec sensu careo, Nam et ipsi lapides, Suas lacrymas habent, Gabriel Pratus Astensis, Sæculo XVI., Post mortem regis viæ.*

It is of the 15th century, and offers a good contrast between the erudite trifling of that age, and the trifling erudition of this, upon a subject one would think calculated to make any *Pratus* silent if he could not be impressive. But I forgot: we don't always ourselves write the follies seen on our tombs: that is usually done by our friends. St. Maria Egiziaca, (Templum Fortunæ Virilis,) which Napoleon had nearly disinterred, is now completely so: you can see its beautiful proportions to advantage on a sub-basement of travertine. St. Paul's, too, is rising from its ashes, though not precisely with all the splendour of a phoenix: granite columns are to represent the magnificent *pavonazetto* and Parian destroyed; the curious series of papal portraits from St. Peter to Pius VII. is in great part unrestorable. Wherefore comes it that the Catholic world cannot now repair a church, as well as they could raise it formerly? Do they want the money or the mind? But why Catholic, when the Protestant world, I suppose, would as soon think of rebuilding the Tower of Babel, as St. Paul's of London, if it were burnt to cinders, like St. Paul's of Rome! Ponte Rotto (the Pons Palatinus of good believers,) is still a picturesque object for painters, and a monument of Roman laziness: it needs little more than another arch, to complete the three-fourths of a bridge yet standing, into a whole one much required, but the money for such a purpose would be more useful, if melted into six candlesticks for St. Peter's. In a similar state of interesting dilapidation, remains the house of Pontius Pilate, or Cola Rienzi, or Crescenzi; one of these names is as good as another. From the well of Severus's Arch to that of Phocas's Column, a tunnel has been carried upwards of ten feet long and four high—a flag of the ancient pavement here discovered. Was not this the time for Sig. Rhodonte, the surveyor, to exclaim,

"*Insonnere cave, gemitumque dedere cavernæ!*"

The Roman Exhibition (or *Exposition* as a Frenchman would aptly enough call it,) does great credit to the founder of the Roman School of Painting—Raphael. Its locale does no dishonour to his disciples, one being quite worthy of the other. *Figures-vous, mon cher!*—in two or three boarded cubs, about the size of a cobbler's, drawing-room, kitchen, and bed-chamber, or at most, the wards of a show-box, are exhibited the lions of the Roman Academy. Here do the successors of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Domenichino, Carracci, &c., the heirs-at-law of the *Sistine*, the *Stanza*, the *Loggia*, &c., come forth once a year, to show how manfully they sustain the honours of their descent and their heritage. Alas! it is like the offspring of Rollo, pirouetting at Almack's, the grandchildren of Charlemagne wasting all their lives in ombre! Sig. *This*, paints a little girl with a posy, Sig. *That*, a view of the Colosseum, with a sentry and his box for

the historical part of the composition: or something as ridiculous—I could no more analyze them for you, than so many *monads*—not half so ingeniously insignificant are these artists, as fleas drawing carriages. The crack piece of the collection is—hear it, soul of Julio Romano!—a '*Bunch of Grapes*,' and this too by a Danish artist. Ay, there is a '*Scene in Norway*,' cleverly enough representing the bare brown cliffs, feathered atop with firs, snowy uplands, and chill drear lakes, of that solitary region: by a Norwegian however, Fearnley, who, like most apes of Nature, errs in exaggerating characteristics; the herbage *she* presents as cold outside, but with the living principle within, he paints clay cold through and through, without a tinge of transparent warmth, so that all the heat in the zodiac might bake it like leaves on an earthen teapot, but could never vivify. You may judge what a warren of painters the Roman soil is, when I tell you, that to furnish about eighty pictures, none of them bigger than a coach-panel, there are combined with Italians of all states,—English, French, Danes, Norwegians, Spanish, Portuguese, Swiss, Saxons, Hanoverians, Hessians, Prussians, and Russians! Why had they not a tattooer from the South Seas in addition? No doubt a Chinese jar-painter would have lent them his name. But of a truth, this sterility in native genius for the fine arts, and fertility in foreign, has ever distinguished Rome: her good antique statuary was Grecian, her bad was alone indigenous—to Michael Angelo, a Florentine, she owes her famous Cupola, her Capitol, her noblest palace (the Farnese), and church (the Carthusian); to Bramante, Peruzzi, Raphael, Vignola, &c., externs, all that is decent in her modern architecture; Michael, Raphael, the Carraccis, Guido, Domenichino, Lanfranco, the Poussins, &c., foreigners likewise, adorned with their paintings, while her native artists defiled with theirs, her church walls and her chambers; Michael again, Algardi, Bernini, Canova, Thorwaldsen, &c., still foreigners, contributed her best sculpture—*she* nothing but the place for it, made vacant by the destructiveness of her own children, and left so by their impotence in everything but devastation. Of all her sounding names, Julio Romano is almost the sole, not a mere reverberation of hollowness—and what Julio had excellent, was Raphaellesque, what ridiculous was Roman.

"Well, have done with your tirade!"

I have; only adding that it is a schoolboy's mistake, to call the Roman people *great*, after the end of the Republic; after Augustus at farthest, they had the mere grandeur of a mammoth in decay, which encumbers and annoys the neighbouring lands with its foul fermentation, which cannot be removed for its enormity, and must be left to eat itself up by its own corruption. Talking of fermentation, there is a comic story about a Cardinal: Wyatt's '*Nymph at the Bath*,' was sent to the Exhibition, when his Eminence the Inquisitor ordered her to take the veil incontinent; but his Majesty of Bavaria, happening to visit the rooms soon after, and to laugh at the precaution, his Eminence had her stript to her primitive body clothes again. Here was a docile creature! But the deuce of it is, if I and a dozen such had laughed, his Eminence would probably have bid us be stript instead of the statue.—A cast is being taken from the '*Moses*,' of Michael Angelo, for France. I believe this is but the second; you have the first in England. Most people prefer a cast from one of Canova's cockney *fadaiseries*. Truth to say, the Moses is like an Alp, which, as somebody remarks, must be looked at several times before one perceives its full mightiness: it has literally grown upon me since I first saw it, till it now makes a mouse of me by its tremendous sublimity. What do I care if it be goat-faced?—it shakes me to the centre, whether as a Pan

or a Moses. Its mere manipulation so mighty-handed! Compare it with the figures beside, designed by Michael, but wrought by his pupil Montorsoli. They are as feeble as if carved out of suet. Every stroke of Buonarroti's chisel has the energetic ease of that made in the brown fallows by a ploughshare.—Reeking pot of scandal about Lady —, but you shan't have a dish of it. Old Cardinal Zurla is in a black foam about the matter: chants anathemas against heretics, and twice per day offers up a prayer of imprecations. Cerberus in canonicals. *Addio!*

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Museum which has been carefully collected—at an expenditure, we are informed, of between two and three thousand pounds, by Gore Clough, Esq., of Upper Norton Street, Fitzroy Square, has been presented by him to the London University, for the use of the students of the North London Hospital; which will, it is now fully expected, be opened during the present year. On Monday last, Mr. Quain, the Demonstrator of Anatomy to the University, inspected the preparations, which are for the most part in excellent preservation, previous to their removal to the University, where they will be placed in a temporary apartment, till the great room, about to be fitted up, is ready for their reception. —While on this subject, we may observe, that the Common Council of the city of London have just agreed on a petition to the King, praying him to grant a charter of incorporation to the London University, with power to confer degrees in Arts, Law, and Medicine. Now, we are as anxious as others, that a power should be vested in competent persons to confer degrees, upon examination, without reference to Universities, residence, terms, and such things as merely prove that a certain time, and an uncertain amount of money, has been expended in the applicant's education; but we must observe, that the object would not be attained by granting this privilege to the London University; and that even the power prayed for, could not be granted, without extending a like privilege to King's College: and then a mischievous rivalry would be established between these Institutions; for both would soon discover, that the less strict the examination, the more numerous the pupils; and instead of an anxious desire to raise the standard of education, and the honour of a degree, it would be their most profitable policy to lower both. What appears to us wanting is, that such a power should be vested in a Central Board, the members of which should be selected from among the most distinguished men of both establishments, and include some not connected with either.

There are some contradictory stories in the Scotch newspapers, respecting the exhumation of the remains of Robert Burns, at the late funeral of his widow. One report says, that the body was entire—that the features were so perfect, that it seemed as if the poet had but lately sunk into the sleep of death—and that the apology for disturbing his remains, was found in the state of the coffin. But the truth seems to have been published by a Mr. Blacklock, from which it appears, that he and others descended into the vault, “for the purpose, if possible, of procuring a cast of his skull,”—that “a few spade-fuls of loose sandy soil being removed, the skull was brought into view, and carefully lifted,” when “every particle of sand or other foreign body was carefully washed off and the plaster applied.” We have, we trust, all becoming respect for science and scientific men, but the proceedings of the Phrenologists have more than once excited our disgust. Why is it, that these people cannot be made to respect the feelings of others—the prejudices, if they please—but prejudices in which the wisest have sympathized?

Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curs'd be he that moves my bones!

were written on the monument of the immortal Shakspeare, and, no doubt, by his own direction.

The third Exhibition of the NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, has opened, and well sustains the promise of former years. The chief strength, as might be expected, is in landscape. We would direct attention to the drawings by Parke, Vickers, Maisey and Shepherd, (though ‘Winchester Cathedral’ is wanting in harmony, and the foreground too powerful,) Downing, Campion, and Collignon—to a clever trifle (254) by John Martin—a well composed picture, though the details have not been sufficiently attended to.—‘A Nativity,’ by N. P. Riviere.—‘Absent, but not Forgotten,’ by Miss F. Corbeaux.—and ‘The Widow,’ by Hancock, from which a very clever engraving by Beckwith has already appeared.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 7.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Capt. Burnes gave a detailed *résumé* account of his Travels on the North-west Frontier of British India, in 1829-30; and, as usual, made his narrative highly interesting by the lively and graphical manner in which he brought his details before his audience.

His departure from Cutch, in Dec. 1829, and subsequent account of Parkur and Nueyur, were given in our report of the proceedings of the last meeting of the Society; nor did we observe any additional feature adverted to now, excepting the singular fact, that the Janigar inhabitants of Cutch, from over-wrought scruples on the subject of intermarriage, and a pride of ancestry, which refuses inferior alliances, put their female infants to death; while the Sodas occupying Parkur, within sight, convert theirs into a source of emolument, by selling them as wives among the neighbouring tribes. Both nations are of high caste.

From Parkur, Captain Burnes and his party proceeded, first, across the desert to Jaysulmeer, the capital of the state of that name, one of the fine Rajpoot provinces on this frontier—the others being Joodpoor, Jyppoor, Oodepoor, and Bectaneer. Jaysulmeer is a handsome city, with lofty, and even spacious houses, terrace-roofed, and built entirely of a yellow kind of marble, sometimes elegantly carved. The streets are wide for an eastern city; and the town contains about 20,000 souls. The fort, or castle, crowns a low hill on the south-western angle of the city, and has a most commanding appearance. It is triangular in shape; the two longest sides being almost 300 yards in length, and is a complete mass of towers, which are studded on, almost to the exclusion of any curtain. The line of defence is also double, treble, in some places even quadruple—the whole being thus of considerable strength. The Ranul (so the chief is named,) and his household, occupy it. Captain Burnes found the appointments of his table and servants splendid, his manner mild, and his whole conduct to the mission kind and hospitable.

The province, however, of Jaysulmeer is small and sterile. It does not exceed 20,000 square miles in extent; and its surface is uneven without being mountainous, being dotted with low rocks, between which cultivation is so scanty, that scarcely for forty miles can a field be seen. Where the soil is sufficiently deep, however, it bears tolerable crops; and the order and regularity of its government give fine scope to its other sources of wealth. Its chief local advantage is its central position between India and the Indus. An alliance, offensive and de-

fensive, subsists between it and British India; but it is not subsidized either with men or money. Its only article of native produce, fit for export, is wool of very fine quality, obtained from a breed of white sheep not found in India. Very little wood is found in the country, whence the towns are all built of stone, terrace-roofed, and of an imposing appearance at some distance. With the exception of the capital, however, none are of the least importance. The natives of Jaysulmeer are industrious in their habits, and frequently emigrate in youth, settling in Pallee, Bectaneer, or other trading cities; whither, when they have acquired a competency, they return.

The next point mentioned by Capt. Burnes was Joodpoor, or Marwar, the capital of another of these Rajpoot states, and perhaps the most powerful and influential among them, though not nominally the first in rank. This place is claimed by Oodepoor. The Joodpoor dominions extend from east to west, about 260 miles, and from north to south nearly as far. They are situate between the parallels of 24° and 28° north; and the meridians 70° and 75° east; being separated on the east and south from Oodepoor, Jaypoor, and the British province of Ajmeer, by a massy bulwark of mountains; and so late as 1813, extending north to the Indus. The fortress of Omercote, which Joodpoor possessed in that direction, was, however, then captured by the armies of Sind; and the boundary between the respective states has been since a constant occasion of dispute.

The territory thus bounded, is, generally speaking, fertile, well peopled, and valuable. It constitutes, indeed, one of the largest states in India still governed by a native prince. Its mineral riches are scanty, being chiefly salt, lead, antimony, and various descriptions of marble; neither are its indigenous vegetable products considerable; but a great trade passing through the country stimulates the industry of the inhabitants, and has led to an extensive system of irrigation and cultivation. The trade is a carrying trade between Bombay, Guzerat, and even Central India, on the one hand, and the countries west of the Indus on the other. Its extent may be surmised from the fact, that of chintz alone, to the value of ten lacs, is said to arrive yearly at Pallee, which is the great entrepot for this trade. The goods of Europe, packed in tin cases, are usually brought by the way of Guzerat, and are paid for, partly in opium,—which is, however, subject to such an excessive duty on entering the Company's inclosed territories, that it is usually sent round by way of Curachir, beyond the Indus,—partly in native wheat, which is much esteemed for its quality,—and partly in salt, which is exported in great quantities. This trade is now threatened by the rising importance of Ajmeer, under the British administration; but as yet it is still superior to any possessed by that town. Joodpoor and Pallee each contain about 50,000 inhabitants.

Captain Burnes next proceeded to Ajmeer, a rising place, which, when he visited it, had a population of about 20,000 souls. Thence he passed to Oodepoor, Aboo, and returned to Cutch, having thus, as will be seen by referring to the map, made a circuit of about 1,500 miles in a country at that time almost quite unknown, and of which the details seem full of novelty and interest even yet. We shall not, however, now enlarge on them further. They will probably be before us again in the next number of the Journal of the Society, and we may then recur to them.

##### LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

April 1.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—Henry White, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society. The Secretary read a paper by Edward Newman, Esq., ‘On the Transforma-

tions of Insects.' After describing several of the most remarkable metamorphoses which insects undergo, and adverting to the constant absorption and reproduction of bone in the vertebrata, as proved by the experiments of various physiologists, the author compared the hard external covering of crustacea and coleopterous insects generally, with the internal skeleton.

The object of the paper was, to point out the analogies existing in the *larva*, *pupa*, and *imago* states of insects, as compared with the fetal, adolescent, and adult states, in the higher classes of animals, and that a system of change pervaded all nature.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MOR.	Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Linnean Society .....	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Horticultural Society .....	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers .....	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts .....	p. 7, P.M.
	Royal Society .....	p. 8, P.M.
TH.	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Royal Institution .....	p. 8, P.M.
	Royal Asiatic Society .....	Two, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.

#### PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—March 17.—

A letter from M. Jacobier, at Copenhagen, stated that the worms called *dragonneaux*, so troublesome in the south, are not animals in themselves, or worms, but a cluster of worms.—M. Mathieu read a Memoir on Calculations for Annuities, which added little to what is known on that subject.—M. Segur read a memoir on the precautions employed by M. Frimot, at Brest, against the bursting of steam-engines at high pressure. M. Frimot remarked, that explosions were occasioned rather by a sudden formation of steam, than by its progressive accumulation. The steam formed in his boiler, under a pressure of nine atmospheres, rose as high as twelve when an issue was given it. To obviate this, M. F. raised the level of the water in the boiler, which had the desired effect. This completely proved to him, that the instantaneous formation of steam was owing to the contact of the water, put in effervescence by the pressure, with the sides of the boiler. The level of the water being too low, exposed to the action of the flame part of the sides which the water did not touch, and these became heated to such a degree, as to vaporize in an instant a quantity of liquid, and thus augment the pressure suddenly. The possibility of producing the same effect by lowering the level of the water, indicates the mode of prevention, since it appears that explosion is imminent only when by any cause the water falls below the level which the constructor has established. Some mode, therefore, of giving warning of this lowering of the water, and of at the same time extinguishing the fire, was to be sought.—The first mode imagined by M. Frimot to arrive at these ends, was to place outside the boiler a metal tube, stopped at one of its extremities by a fusible stopper. This tube communicated with the boiler by two others,—one communicating with the upper part and the steam, the other joining the boiler a little below the level of the water. The latter is thus supplied with water from the boiler, and pours off its steam into the steam of the boiler also. But the supply of water to the tube ceases the moment that the water sinks below the general level in the boiler. The tube heats in consequence to a great degree, melts the fusible stopper, the steam escapes, and the danger is prevented. The escape of the steam warns the attendant by its sound, and he can turn the cocks: it moreover extinguishes the fire. The stopper is easily replaced, and the whole operation is over in three quarters of an hour. But care should be taken to wash from time to time the fusible stopper, lest dirt or incrustation should prevent its fusion.

Another mode proposed by M. Frimot is a *manometre* to measure the degree of tension. This he describes as a tube, twisted many times:

each bend or twist is filled with mercury below, and water above. The steam, exerting its action on the column of water in communication with the boiler, drives the mercury beneath into the next tube, and so on with the rest, sometimes entirely displacing the mercury. The sum of the weights of the mercury displaced, diminished by that of the columns of water, will indicate the degree of pressure of the steam.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

M. Laporte has begun to fulfil his promises. A reinforcement of artists having arrived from Paris, strong enough to gladden the heart of the most desponding of Opera-goers. Rubini and Tamburini got out of the Dover stage on Saturday evening, just in time to appear on the stage at the King's Theatre, the one as *Il Conte Alcega*, the other as *Figaro*. We never heard 'Il Barbieri' better given. The execution of the trio, 'Zitti, zitti,' à *mezzo voce* was perfectly delicious, and in accordance with the spirit of the scene: we have heard it sung as if the parties concerned were anxious to let all the world know that they were running away secretly. Perrot, too, re-appeared on Saturday evening in a grand *pas de deux* with Duvernay, substituted for the *pas de schall* in the new ballet. He is as active as ever, perhaps not so unhesitatingly firm as he was last season: but, whether or not, we must protest against the inconsiderateness of *encoring* such *pas* as his, which must require so much tremendous exertion. This thoughtlessness, on the part of the audience, had nearly cost him dear on Saturday, as he almost fell in attempting a repetition of his feats of agility, and appeared evidently much exhausted and distressed.

And now, room for Madlle. Julie Grisi (*la jolie Grisi*, as the Parisians have delighted to call her, to distinguish her from her sister). It is long since we have seen so triumphant a first appearance upon these boards, or an audience so alive to every beauty of acting or singing, as the audience of Tuesday evening assembled to pronounce upon the new *prima donna*. Madlle. Grisi's appearance is sufficient to make a most favourable first impression; her voice, and style, and (perhaps, above all) her acting, to confirm it: all three leave little or nothing to be wished. She is gifted with a good figure, and a handsome and expressive face, in the first instance—in the second, she has a rich, clear, powerful, and extremely flexible voice; her execution is, indeed, at times, exuberant; but it goes along with the passion of her part (with the exception of the duet cadence in the prison duet with Rubini, which we must protest against as out of place and out of taste), and carries the hearer away with it. We were certain of her feeling in the first part of 'Di piacer;' we were not, however, aware of the fulness of it till the second act, when her leading of the quartett, 'Gia dipinto,' and the sudden outbreak of despair in the scene where she is led to execution, excited us to the highest possible degree. We have already said enough to imply that she possesses first-rate powers as an actress: to be brief, then, we prefer her *Ninetta* to any we have yet seen, and long to see her in other parts—*Desdemona*, for instance. She was admirably assisted by Rubini, Tamburini, and Zuchelli; the second of these gentlemen was most excellent in the part of *Fernando*. But we must cry aloud for another *Pippo*, as the present one is like the German's wooden nutmegs, "which were no nutmegs at all;" and, in consequence of her incompetence, that beautiful duet, 'Ebben per mia memoria,' one of Rossini's most touching compositions, is, of necessity, omitted. Why should not Madlle. Salvi take the part? and then, if the chorus would only act a little, we cannot imagine 'La Gazza Ladra' better got up.

*Paganini's Concerts*.—The master spirit of the violin is among us again, playing to crowded houses at the Adelphi, and empty benches at the Hanover Square Rooms. His performance on the *Viol di gamba*, or some such instrument, is yet to come, as is also a duet with Dragonetti, which, we are told, is to be the *ne plus ultra* of what is beautiful and amazing. He has, hitherto, only repeated his best compositions, and, as before, left every other violinist, ancient and modern, at an inconceivable distance behind him.

#### THEATRICALS

##### DRURY LANE.

On Thursday, Lord Byron's tragedy of 'Sardanapalus' was represented, for the first time, on the stage. It is too late in the day to enter into a critical notice of the play itself; its beauties as a drama for the closet, and its defects as an acting one, have long since been decided on. The representation of Thursday has only made the latter more clearly apparent. That it was listened to with strict attention, and received with considerable applause, proves but little with reference to its permanent possession of the boards; these marks of respect were due to the splendid abilities of its departed author, and hardy, fool-hardy indeed, must the man have been, who could have had the bad taste to run counter to the general feeling of the audience. At the same time, those who are much in the habit of visiting the large theatres, know too well the peculiar sort of applause bestowed upon the first performance of any piece, on the success of which the management has set its heart and purse, ever to take a first night as a fair criterion of public opinion. The admiration justly accorded to the memory of the noble poet might well command, and, indeed, has commanded, respectful attention to any work of his for once, but to take people a second time, must be the work of the piece itself. As an acting play 'Sardanapalus' is, beyond question, dull; and for this reason we do not think its theatrical life will be long. Assuredly, nothing could persuade us, with all our admiration for its poetry, to sit it through a second time, though we may read it again and again, and never tire. Mr. Macready's alterations have been confined to omissions, and they are judicious.

A stronger impression would doubtless have been made, had the play been better performed, but we regret to say that we were not satisfied with the acting of any one individual. The part of *Sardanapalus* is only suited to Mr. Macready in part; that he did his best with it, is to his credit; and that it was an unequal performance, after what we have said, will not be held to be his fault. He has certain physical disqualifications, which no mental exertions could overcome; if they could, there is no man more likely to have done it. We never remember to have seen Miss Ellen Tree's acting so tame and so insipid, as it was nearly throughout the character of *Myrrha*; she looked the part admirably, and the Greek girl was there, but the Greek fire, which should have burnt unquenchably, was out. Mr. Cooper was, as we thought, too solemn and too priestly for the blunt soldier *Salamenes*; we will not particularize further. There was no lack of zeal in the company, for great pains were evident on all hands throughout, but their efforts were not fortunate. There will necessarily be some curiosity on the part of the public to see this play, and it will probably be repeated sufficiently often to reimburse the management the expense of getting it up, which, indeed, does not appear to have been very great. Two or three instances of clumsy grouping occurred, which gave rise to laughter; these having now been seen, may be avoided; and we should recommend a close scene for the conversations



which immediately precede the burning, in order that the very ridiculous ceremony of arranging the funeral pile may be kept out of sight; after this all went well; the burning itself, and the disappearance of *Sardanapalus* and *Myrrha* were capitally managed, and drew down shouts of applause. There was rather too much black smoke in front, which in some measure marred the effect of the discovery of the burning city; but this may be easily obviated in future. We believe we need not inform our readers, that the last scene is a copy by Mr. Stanfield, from Mr. Martin's picture of 'The Fall of Nineveh.' Instead of the curtain, at the end of the play, we had a new drop, by Mr. Stanfield, presenting a view of Newstead Abbey. It is of course clever, but it seems to have been done in a hurry; at all events, it is far from one of that great artist's best efforts. We cannot conclude this notice, without some slight mention of the changes which have taken place with reference to the representative of the part of *Myrrha*: at first Miss Phillips was to have played it; then Miss Ellen Tree was announced; then came an intimation in the bills that Mrs. Mardyn was to play it, because the noble author had written it expressly for her. Upon a general outcry against the obvious untruth of this, the assertion was modified into the noble author's intended Mrs. Mardyn to take the part, in the event of the play being acted; and finally, on the very morning of performance, it was announced that a letter had been received, stating that Mrs. Mardyn was too ill to appear, and that Miss Ellen Tree had, in the most obliging manner, consented to resume the part. Now, what all this trumpety nonsense really meant, we know not; but certain things we do know, and these are amongst them: Lord Byron neither wrote the part of *Myrrha* for Mrs. Mardyn, nor ever contemplated her acting it. Mrs. Mardyn never would have been tolerated in the part if he had; and if she had even been qualified for the performance, it would have been the height of indecency to have permitted her to undertake it. We have heard a world of rumours upon the subject, which are really not worth inquiring into; the most general one at present is, that the management has been regularly hoaxed about Mrs. Mardyn by some wag; and we incline to adopt this, because it is at the same time the most charitable.

#### FRENCH PLAYS—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

The second performance took place on Monday last. The pieces were 'Le Conscrit,' 'La Reparation,' and 'Les Malheurs d'un Joli Garçon.' In the first, which is quite a trifle, there was nothing worthy of remark but the acting of M. Charlet, in the part of a simple, but good-natured vouturier, who, being crossed in love, volunteers to serve in the army as a substitute for his successful rival, who has been drawn a conscript. Nothing could exceed the ease and nature of this young man's conversation and demeanour. Instead of any stretch of imagination being required, to make one fancy him what he purported to be, an effort was necessary to believe him anything else. In the second M. Laporte was, as he always is to our thinking, greatly amusing, and very clever. Madlle. Irma had but little to do; she went through that little respectably, but we must not say more. In 'Les Malheurs d'un Joli Garçon' M. Laporte was the life and soul of a very broad and laughable, but absurd piece. We shall not be able to report on the new arrivals until next week; at present we can only say that they were much wanted. M. Laporte, with his versatile talent, animal spirits, and distinct utterance, is a host in himself; but one actor does not make a play, any more than one swallow makes a summer.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Death of Capt. Skyring.**—No doubt our readers will remember the horrible murder of this officer, while engaged on a surveying expedition on the western coast of Africa, which it was our melancholy duty to announce in the *Athenæum* of last month. We now direct attention to an advertisement which appears in this day's paper, and hope we shall not do so unsuccessfully.

**Societa Armonica.**—We are requested by Mr. E. Seguin, to state that the reason Mrs. E. Seguin did not appear at the last of these Concerts, was not "sudden indisposition," but that Mr. Forbes, the conductor of the Concerts, had announced her without her knowledge.

**The Naval and Military Museum.**—According to the report just published, this Institution is going on as prosperously as its friends could desire; there has been an increase of \$30 members in the last year, making a total of 3,750, and the annual subscriptions amount to 1,405l. 11s.

Some interesting discoveries have recently been made in the Terre dell'Annonciata, near Naples. The Marquis Munziane has discovered the remains of an ancient wall, and a small temple, in very beautiful preservation. There is a question whether these fragments are all that remain of some ruined city, or the commencement of a third subterranean city, like Herculaneum and Pompeii. It is also stated, from Naples, that Mount Vesuvius was in eruption on the 15th of March.

**Discovery of another Coal-mine in France.**—We last week mentioned the discovery of a coal-mine at Marseilles. The *Echo de la Frontière* states, that another mine has been discovered at Saint Mathieu, in the territory of Dourches. More than 150 hectolitres of coal were extracted from the first orifice of the mine. The coal is of very excellent quality. The discovery has excited much interest in that part of the country. A few days ago the miners, who made the discovery, paraded the streets of Valenciennes with specimens, and a grand dinner was given upon the occasion. The scarcity of coal in France has proved an important obstacle to trade, and, therefore, such discoveries as these are looked upon with very great interest.

**American Literature.**—The following table of original American works published in 1833, has been compiled from the *New York Advertiser*—Though not perhaps strictly accurate, it may be received as sufficiently so to show the direction in which the public mind of that country makes itself manifest: the useful greatly preponderates over the imaginative: "Annals (for 1834), 8—Biography, 17—Education, 62—On Teaching, 4—History, 4—Books for Youth, 25—Law, 13—Medicine, Surgery, Chemistry and Botany, 8—Miscellaneous, 59—Novels and Tales, 19—Poetry, 7—Theology, Divinity and Practical Religion, 39—Voyages and Travels, 6—Works on Fine Arts, 1;—Total, 272."

The *Quotidienne* relates the following retort, which *Le Temps* has considered of sufficient importance to merit a place in its *Chronique Politique*. A splendid entertainment was given by the Austrian Minister at Vienna. Madame de Metternich did the honours with all the grace and dignity for which she is so celebrated. She was splendidly attired; and, among other ornaments, wore on her head a magnificent crown of diamonds. M. de St.-Aulaire, the representative of Louis Philippe, approached the princess, and, seeking to lose the ambassador in the man of the world, paid her abundance of compliments on the exquisite taste and magnificence of her costume. The crown of diamonds particularly excited his admiration,—"Princesse, je n'ai jamais rien vu de plus beau que cette couronne!"—"Et elle n'est pas volée, M. l'Ambassadeur!" M. de St.-Aulaire retorted:

however, as he is a man of tact, he was inclined to say nothing about this little diplomatic check, had it not been for one of his suite, who so far worked on him as to make him believe he could not suffer it to pass without making a complaint to M. de Metternich. "And what can I do?" said the man of state gravely, when he had heard the story, "Madame de Metternich est fait comme cela; elle a été fort mal élevée, elle dit tout ce que lui vient à l'idée, je n'y finis rien." The Princess de Metternich is generally quoted as one of the most accomplished ladies in Germany. M. de St.-Aulaire was aware of this—he saw that he had made a false step, and withdrew as well satisfied with the Minister as he had been with the Princess.

**The Inundations in China.**—The maritime city of Chien-chow, was all but swept away by the sudden burst of water through a ravine: at least 18,000 houses were, it is stated in the official papers, destroyed, and many people drowned.—*Canton Register.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. & Mon.	Max. Min.	Noon.		
Thurs. 3	55 34	30.17	S.W. to N.E.	Cloudy.
Frid. 4	57 46	30.37	N.W. to N.	Ditto.
Sat. 5	65 44	30.34	N.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 6	58 35	Stat.	S.E.	Ditto.
Mon. 7	60 35	30.30	N.W. to S.E.	Clear.
Tues. 8	52 38	Stat.	N.E.	Cloudy.
Wed. 9	50 31	Stat.	N.E.	Ditto.

**Prevailing Cloud.**—Cirrostratus.  
Mean temperature of the week, 44.5°. Greatest variation, 34°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.235.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

The People's Debt to the National Church; in a series of Readings, Historical, Biographical, and Doctrinal, Vols. I. and II. continuing the Age of Cranmer, by the Rev. Richard Cattermole, B.D.

Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, Vol. II. Part 2. This part will comprise numerous valuable papers by the late W. Roscoe, S. T. Coleridge, Dr. Nolan, Colonel Leake, &c.

The Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall, by the Author of 'Darnley.'

A Treatise on the Diseases and Injuries of Bones, by Edward Stanley.

An Account of the Medicinal Employment of Delphnia, by A. Turnbull, M.D., and J. Sutherland, M.D.

Remains of the late Alexander Knox, containing Letters, &c., on the Doctrines and Philosophy of Christianity, and the distinctive Character of the Church of England.

An Essay on Primitive Preaching, by John Peterick, Minister of the Gospel, Totnes.

Just published.—Frithard's Natural History of Animals, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—The Northmen, by D. Shadon, 12mo. 6s.—Earnshaw's Theory of Statics, 8vo. 14s.—Tucker's Sermons, 2 vols. 12mo. 9s.—Longfield's Political Economy, 8vo. 6s.—Holman's Travels, Vol. I. 8vo. 14s.—Library of American Biography, conducted by Jared Sparks, Vol. I. post 8vo. 7s.—Blackburn's Architectural and Historical Account of Crosby's Plains, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Mamma's Bible Stories, 3s. 6d.—Compendium, by J. Aspin, 4s. 6d.—Juvenile Musical Library, with Illustrations by Cruikshank, 3s. 6d.—Doddridge's Family Expositor, 3 vols. 8vo. 14s. 6d.—Journey to the North of India overland from England through Russia, &c. by Lieut. Conolly, with Map and Plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 17s. 6d.—Eustace Conway, or, the Brother and Sister, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d.—Doyle's Hints on Emigration to Upper Canada, 12mo. 1s.—Mitchell's First Exercises, or, Introduction to Writing of Latin, 12mo. 2s.—Barber's Picturesque Views of the Isle of Wight, royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Principles and Practice of Obstetrics, by James Blundell, with Notes by Thomas Castle, 16. 1s.—Remains of Dr. Payson, 2s. 6d.—The Way of Peace, 18mo. 1s.—Davidson's Pocket Commentary on the New Testament, 24mo. 4s.—Payson's Select Thoughts, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—The Stranger Chieftain, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W.—F. G. W.—F.—An Admirer, &c.—A retired Physician—Alpha—A Physician—W.—R. P.—J. B.—L.—J. P.—received.

W. B. P.—A. F. left as directed.  
We did not receive any such communication as that referred to by G. Was his letter post paid? If not, it was refused as a matter of course.

We are obliged by the offer of 'Decius,' but must decline.

We acknowledged the receipt of 'Manfred's' letter, and of course its inclosure, two months since. We have twenty times stated that we cannot do more, and that it is impossible to return short papers.

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**SANSKRIT.**—Dr. ROSEN will commence a Course of Instruction in the SANSKRIT LANGUAGE, on Monday the 13th inst. at 7 o'clock. The Course will be continued on Tuesdays and Fridays at the same hour, until the conclusion of the Session. Fee, £1.  
Council Room, 6th April, 1834.

THOMAS COATES,  
Secretary.

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**PROFESSOR SPURRIER** will RESUME his COURSE of LECTURES on the LAWS of ENGLAND on Tuesday next, the 13th inst., at Eight o'clock in the Evening, and will continue it on every subsequent Tuesday during the Academic Term at the same hour. After two Preliminary Lectures on the subject of Ancient and Modern Tenures, to which any Gentleman presenting his card of address will be admitted, he will proceed to the consideration of the Law relating to the Enjoyment and Transfer of Real Property.

**GEOLOGY.**—Professor J. Phillips will, on Monday, the 21st inst., commence a Course of Eight Lectures on the leading Principles of Geology, and the Discoveries in that Science; the History of Fossil Remains, &c. A Syllabus of the Course may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.

By Order of the Council,  
11th April, 1834.  
N.B. The Classes, both in the Senior Department and the School, were re-opened on the 6th inst.

## Sales by Auction.

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£1000	£21	15	10	20	£230
1000	24	0	10	25	236
1000	26	14	2	30	244
1000	29	18	4	35	256
1000	33	19	2	40	278
1000	38	19	2	45	304
1000	43	6	8	50	340
1000	45	3	4	55	362
1000	63	12	4	60	449

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